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ELIZA BEERS

A Nature That Divined an Inner Order in the Universe

ZONA GALE

I OPEN the journal of my mother, written between the ages of fourteen and twenty-nine, and thereafter having occasional entries until shortly before her death, at seventy-six. And from this journal, I divine that which books unnumbered and priceless have been written to witness, namely, that there is an inner order, which a life may touch, become aware of and thereafter express. Such expression in conduct, these unnumbered and priceless books seem to say, is the highest known form of creative art. Both this theory and that of the behaviorists I accept as the process by which there is poured into the race, into the human being, the slow ichor of his growth. If he can begin to be aware, to carry on this growth consciously and with a technique, so much the better. He has then found the only short cut known to evolution, in flowers, fruit, conduct and the like. If he cannot be aware, Nature lets him be a behaviorist and will take care of him in spite of himself.

My mother's journal documents her way of awareness of an inner order, and her effort to take part in such an order.

One hundred and nineteen pages are all that she needed to record the reactions of twenty-seven years—of over seventy years, if one counts those few entries of the many years when preparation had given place to participation. The slender green "marbled" volume, with red leather back and corners, holds thin faded words, inscribed with a delicate gold and pearl pen now in my possession. Begun in 1858 in New York State, continued in 1861 in Wisconsin and in 1872 in Minnesota, the book naïvely defines her own hour, names the cups from which she drank of life, and offers that taste of both the different and the unchanging derivable from the forgotten and the reclaimed.

And then it is a moving thing to come upon so minute a record, written without self-consciousness by one without distinction save in her own group—and there she always had distinction. A pure form of self-expression this, intensely lyrical, recounted not by another, but by the self. The stream of consciousness.

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The first entry, July 21, 1861, written when she was fourteen, is this:

"July has almost gone and winter will soon be here, with its icy hand. I went to Sunday-school and church, and after church went home with . . . Oh, how thankful I should be if they would never enter our door again. It is well enough for them to come here once in a while, but they come every Sunday. I know it is wicked to indulge in such thoughts, but who can help it. I often think, and so does my dear friend Sue, that it would have been better if we had never seen the boys. Little did we think at first that we would love them so. But, Eliza, you had better stop. I see my mind has run too far. I do want a long, long talk with Sue. The world is cold and dark, and I groping my way in darkness. I wish I could do as the Lord says. Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden and I will give you rest. Oh, for that rest."

Here, at fourteen, is star-dust for all the planetary movements of later years: friendship, love, withdrawal, aspiration, despair, religion—and climate. A fortnight later:

"To-day I feel as though I wanted to write something and I do not know what. I am lonely. What would I not give if Sue would come in and we could have one of our good long talks. I enjoy them so much. I feel I shall not always have her—we shall have to part, perhaps to far distant lands and perhaps by death. But am I prepared to meet my God? I fear not and I pray the Lord to help me in my weakness and strengthen my heart that I may live and bless his name."

I see my mother at twelve, arriving from her native New York State, with her mother, lately widowed, turning with her five children to her father's farm near Middleton Junction, not many miles from Madison, Wisconsin. But my mother's grandfather, Joseph Taylor, of Sussex, England, who with his sons had come to Wisconsin in 1849 and had taken up two hundred acres of government land, died while the family was en route to the West. They reached "the Junction" only to visit his grave and that of his wife, Constance Hoath Taylor, those two who had come from Rotherfield, near Tunbridge Wells, to the New World where they had sought life and had found death.

The manner of that exodus from England of my great-grandparents has always thrilled me. They were small farmers, and were greatly annoyed by the riders to hounds dashing through their fields and garden, trampling down the growing things, a violation for which there was no redress. One night a cry went through the village that the smugglers were coming, riding up from the sea, at the mouth of the Rother River. Horses galloped through the village, there were the wagons of the smugglers and the officers in pursuit; and the smugglers began throwing down the smuggled goods, hoping to divert attention of the law. But the officers shouted to the villagers to take the property into their houses, and continued the pursuit, returning next day, after the arrest of the marauders, to gather up the goods. And now the officers insisted on searching the houses of the Rotherfield folk, and they pushed by Joseph Taylor and his wife Constance, standing on their door-stone, with the cloths which

they had collected from the cobbled street, and had held and were faithfully returning—and now the officers entered their home and searched it. And it chanced that there was a bolt of new cloth which Joseph Taylor had bought for Constance to stitch for him some white shirts; but the officers would not believe that this was not a bolt of the smuggled goods, and they seized it and took it away. This was not to be borne by the Taylors. Hounds and hunters they had withstood, and Joseph had been "impressed" into the army and had served at Gibraltar, and had cut off the thumb of his own right hand, so that he could not load a musket, rather than go back into the colonial wars. But the theft of this bolt of cloth was not to be borne. Joseph and Constance and their five small children came to the New World, a six weeks' journey by sailing-vessel. And for all their wrongs, their preoccupation en route was perhaps chiefly for a great meat "pasty" prepared for the voyage and left on a cupboard shelf. I look at some dishes that Constance brought with her—the pitcher of "flowing blue," the Staffordshire sugar-bowl, a cup of the first royal Worcester made in England, the ten-sided plate. I look at the graves of these two in the Middleton cemetery. I read my mother's journal. Ache and shine of the past are in them all. On that farm, the Wisconsin harbor of the Taylors, my mother's family remained; a farm where stands to-day, erected by Joseph Taylor and his sons, the barn of oaken hewn timbers, now as hard as metal, still wearing the wooden pegs and the marks of the adz, the shingles of 1850, the great ancient hinges and the hasps. There too stands an apple-tree, planted by Joseph Taylor, and yielding a fruit of smooth yellow, cheeked with rose—a giant tree, its middle eaten away, a sapling twelve feet high thrown up violently from the parent root, a tree nearly eighty years old, and still bearing its kind.

Here was Wisconsin in the decade following its admission as a State, when the influx to America had brought to it many Europeans, attracted by its easy residence requirement for citizenship. Here colonies of Swiss, of Dutch, of French were settling, but "the Junction" was a settlement of the English descended: the Sandfords, the Clewetts, the Gordons, the Smiths, the Slaughters, the Williamses—descended from Roger Williams; and the Taylors, seven families strong, comfortably housed, including one who began a great house which he was never able to finish. Sturdy, religious, thinking people they were, hard-working, loving the land, content with little, but ready for more. For social life there was church three times a day on Sunday, the worshipers plunging through drifts in winter, or, in summer, nibbling fresh caraway in the drowsy air. Their drama was the drama of family life, of birth, death, friendships, feuds. Their originality was unaware and unique. There was my mother's Uncle James, who conducted family prayers, kneeling to petition for the liberation of the slaves, and continuing the identical prayer for years after the Emancipation Proclamation; and there was my mother's Aunt Ephia Taylor, who would never wear narrow skirts when they came in style, but continued to

wear full skirts so that these could be cut over into bed comforters. They had the pageantry of the fields, they had choir music in the little white church and the fresh young voices about the cottage organs, they drove off behind meditative bays and sorrels, in buggies, or in great sleighs, belling their way to a chicken-pie supper or to a donation. It was at one such donation party at "the minister's"—where they took the minister's wife a white dress "with a sprig in it"—it was at such a party that my mother and Flavia Camp met, the mother of Dorothy Canfield Fisher, at home from her school to visit her family at Black Earth, the rich name of a village near "the Junction."

Eliza Beers, at sixteen, was dark-skinned, pink-cheeked, gray-eyed, black-haired, with a contralto voice and a pretty wit and, in the Eastern fashion, skirts coming to her shoe-tops, so unlike "the Junction" girls whose skirts fell only to the knees. The country-side soon knew of the contralto voice. In the small white church, close to the cross-roads, with caraway blowing in the grass and a stile leading to the churchyard, little Eliza Beers sang her way into many hearts. Once, in my little girlhood, I walked with her in a garden where caraway grew. She picked a spray, savored it and said piercingly: "This used to grow round 'the Junction' church." I hardly listened then, though now, when I pick caraway sometimes round that little church, still standing, I remember. That scent, that taste of caraway *which used to grow round "the Junction" church.* But when she said so, with her youth in her throat, no one cared.

"There is," she wrote (August 31, 1862), " a certain person that I love, yes, know that I love. Perhaps it is all folly, my placing my affections on him, but I can never forget him."

This was the little lad who had drawn her on his sled to school. Him I saw, at seventy, living in California, and he said to my mother, "I can see you yet, just as you looked when you first came to 'the Junction' church." And I heard them sing together, once more, "There's Music in the Air" and "How Sweet the Happy Evening's Close." They did not meet again.

My mother always detested the farm life. She was urban-minded, and her thought went back to her first home, a white house built by her father, Thomas Cook Beers, and still standing on the maple-shaded street in Cuba, Allegany County, New York, where she was born. Her thought went back, too, to the long two-day drives to her paternal grandfather's home at Pittsford, New York, outside Rochester, where there still stands, at the foot of Armstrong's Hill, having changed hands but once in the one hundred and twenty years, the great red brick house built by that grandfather, by Edward Beers, about 1800, with its two hundred acres, its hawthorn hedges, its peach-orchard, sugar-bush and family burying-ground. And at the top of the hill there stood, within my memory, the house built by her great-grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Billinghurst, the first Baptist clergyman in the county, whose portrait, done in oils, with his wife, Ellen Brown Billinghurst, still hangs in the little Baptist church at Pittsford. The sisters, Maria and Frances, were con-

tent enough at "the Junction," and the brothers, Fred and David, were busy with the farm. The mother, Harriet Taylor Beers, always an invalid, was bearing her share in the frontier life and already at forty-three was gray-haired and lace-capped, and dreaming back to the log-cabin, at Lyndon, New York, where her first baby had been born—and she alone at the time. But Eliza Beers was dreaming ahead. When she had finished the district school, she set out to find herself a school to teach, and at fifteen appeared before her family with a first-grade certificate and a school of her own, at Pine Bluff, a dozen miles away. There, in a room twenty feet square, she taught fifty pupils, ranging in age from five to boys of eighteen, three years her senior. But she was tall and of dominant presence, with an English carriage and a certain austerity that never left her. When the five-year-olds fell asleep, she could be very tender; but when the "big boys" baited her with a difficult problem in algebra, she could go without lunch, spend the noon-hour on the problem, triumphantly—but how casually!—explain it to the boys, and receive as slaves those young giants who, on the same problem, had driven out every previous teacher.

Nine dollars a month for a school year, and with this in pocket the young teacher announced that she was going to Madison to attend school. Not yet had the State university opened its doors to women, though the struggle had begun, and President Chadbourne was saying that if women were admitted to the University, he should resign. It is amusing to note that in forty-odd years, a woman's building at Wisconsin University was named Chadbourne Hall; and that, although the university would have refused to admit Eliza Beers because she was a woman, her daughter became a trustee of the institution.

Eliza Beers and the Sue and the Anna of her Journal—her cousin Anna Taylor Noyes, and Susan Smith Goodwin—went to Madison, rented a room on the Capitol Square, and entered the Tullis Academy. This school was reminiscent of the Young Ladies Select Seminary which little Eliza Beers had attended in Cuba, New York, when public schools were yet in bad odor.

"I wanted to learn," Eliza Beers said, years later. "I wanted to know everything. I wanted to go into a bank—but nobody had ever heard of a woman in a bank."

Then came the Civil War. At "the Junction," Vicksburg and vows were one. "Will the war ever cease?" my mother wrote December 14, 1862. "It hangs like a dark cloud and why do I not have a letter from Chester."

Fred and David Beers enlisted, Eliza Beers came home from her school. As the war wore on, year after year, and the times became more difficult, it was necessary that Harriet Beers and her three daughters go where they could earn. Their mode of choice of that new home has often shaken me. Harriet Beers sat before a map of Wisconsin and ran her finger about upon towns.

"There," she said, "is Portage. I have heard that Portage is a pleasant place to live."

On no more than this they chose

Portage. On no more than this, Eliza and Maria came forty miles in a stage-coach, taking two days for the journey, the coach once overturning in the snow. On no more than this, one who was so intimately concerned, myself, finds personal existence to depend. On my grandmother's finger, poised above a map and she remembering a chance word about Portage, spoken by whom?—a neighbor, a stranger, perhaps a peddler. Then that one, whoever he was, went on his way unaware that a footless shadow was clinging desperately to his spiritual skirts, since it was in Portage, three years later, that Eliza Beers met my father. My agitation is natural when I read two entries in her journal:

"February 17, 1864. Here I am, away up in Portage. (Portage is forty-four miles from 'the Junction.') Maria and I came here, rented a house, and expect the family next week.

"December 30, 1866. Christmas has come and gone. I received a splendid album from Mr. Gale, a gentleman I have never spoken to."

My father had danced in the same set with her, in the lancers, at a Good Templars' ball. But he had not met her and had been called away soon after; and returning toward Christmas he had sent her the gift, with a spirit direct and daring for those decorous days.

When the Beers family had arrived, driven from Madison with their household goods by a Taylor uncle—this was years before the Madison railway line was built—the three daughters, who were skilful with needle and scissors, bought a fashion magazine, cut out the colored plates, hung them in the windows of their home and announced themselves ready to do dressmaking and millinery. To such purpose did they work, the mother keeping house, that when the two brothers, Fred and David, returned from the war, their soldier pay and their bounty—all of which, save one dollar a month, the boys had sent home!—lay wrapped safe in the depths of a trunk, awaiting them.

My mother had not lost her longing to finish school. She went to the Portage high school and entered. She was a ready student, delighting in mathematics, but English was my mother's bane. When the time came for the first theme writing, she appealed to a Middleton cousin, later one of the first women to graduate from Wisconsin University, the "Anna" of the journal, and asked her help in writing a "composition." Anna replied that she did not think this would be honest. So my mother gathered her books together and walked forlornly away from school. It was her last attempt to get "an education." I have thought that my own wistfulness to write may have been a secret compensatory urge because of that girl, walking down DeWitt Street with her books.

She was as far as ever from being a scholar or a banker; but preoccupations were many. She was the contralto singer in the Presbyterian choir, a choir which during the sermons sat and swung its handkerchiefs low over the floor, to warn away the mice. A young choir which, seated under a rose-window behind the minister, laughed out one Sunday morning when he said, "Heaven is before me and Hell is behind me,"

and pointed, absent-mindedly, in both directions. A choir whose melodeon used to lose a peg at critical moments in the anthem, when it was my mother's accepted duty to whirl, stoop and replace it, without interrupting her part in the quartet. There was singing too on summer evenings, the songs of wartime, "Bonny Heloise, the Belle of the Mohawk Vale" and "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," and neighbors and passers-by gathered outside windows to listen. And on summer mornings my mother, and a girl with a clear soprano, a girl now dead for many years, would be driven forth at dawn by an urge that they did not define, and sitting on the open bridge across the Wisconsin River, they would sing together at sunrise and take the applause of the raftsmen drifting down the river with their logs of virgin pine. For winter evenings there were the dances and promenades—walking promenades—of the Good Templars in Pettibone Hall, parties to which the county came. Even from so far as Johnston's Creek young Ella Wheeler came—the Ella Wheeler Wilcox of later days—entering the hall shyly in the calfskin shoes of the farm. And there was the excitement of public protest against the scandalous new dance, the waltz—a group of Madison women were appealing to the Legislature to stop these shocking exhibitions.

By now my mother's journal bears this entry:

"September 15, 1867. Mr. Gale has been paying particular attention to me of late. Can it be that he is sincere? Do I love him? I shall wait until I am sure. He told me last Wednesday night that he had been pleased more and more with my company and would like it when convenient. He comes for me to go to church to-night. I suppose he is as fine a young man as there is in town."

Through the winter of 1867, which she spent in New York State, this fine young man is much in her thought. October 20, she writes:

"I had a very singular dream last night. I dreamed that Charlie [Mr. Gale] proposed to me."

It is in the entries throughout this winter in New York, as in the entries of those earliest Middleton days, not more than in the days of the courageous Portage years, that the deeply religious note in the nature of this light-hearted young girl expressed itself. That note which I have called the recognition of an inner order and the urge to join in its operations. As I read, it seems to me that these expressions are less inheritance, less the Presbyterian or any other influence than, shall one say, chemical—a kind of chemistry beyond the spiritual, beyond the emotional. It is as if she had within her elements which could combine with some great planetary chemical change which she divined, without being aware of. There was, to be sure, also the explicable religious yearning. At eighteen an engagement had been broken, and she wrote:

"If I could only cast my burden on the Lord. How I have prayed that I might be at rest. I feel like exclaiming with the poet, 'The light of heaven to regain, alas, how difficult.' Teach me, Lord."

There had run on the recital of vows to love always, of partings immediately after, of reunions, and then

of final separation, and in the midst of all:

"Shall I ever be a Christian. I pray God that I may. Help me, Lord, to love and serve thee. I sometimes think Jesus does love me. I shall try after this to serve him and by the grace of God I shall succeed."

She has told me that after weeks of a sense of burden, weeks filled with prayer, she was descending the stairs at her home when it was as if a voice said to her, "My strength is sufficient for thee." She said that there came to her then the realization that she need not find release herself, but that she need only claim it; and this was followed by the usual phenomena of relief and joy. She united with the Presbyterian church and was accustomed to relate, "And I have never been so angry in my life as I was that afternoon." This never ceased to cause her sadness.

She writes from New York: "I have been deprived of church privileges very much, since I have been here. Do I live as becomes a child of God? I have given myself to Christ for time and eternity. After making the vows I have, should I go back into the world and forget, as I have often done, my obligation to the glory of God? Should I become pleased with the trifles and pursue like the worldling the vain things of this life? But how shall a fickle treacherous heart like mine be kept from wandering? How shall I ever be able to keep the solemn covenant I have entered into? It can only be through him whose strength is made perfect through weakness. And I do hope that by his assistance, I shall be able to live more to the glory of God than I have done. Blessed God, fill my mind with thy glorious perfection."

On New Year's Day of 1868, there is entered the following:

"Tremble, O my soul, at the review of the past year. Think of the faults that have rapidly accumulated during one short year. O Lord, cover me with a robe of righteousness that my misimproved years may not rise up in judgment against me. Examine, O my soul, the foundation of the hope to which thou art still clinging. Remember, there is a hope that perishes. O may my hope not be of this kind. May I strive to do better this year. May I love the Lord with all my strength and my neighbor as myself . . . Went for a cutter ride this afternoon which I enjoyed very much."

A girl of twenty-two, filled with joy of life, of music, of adventure, tribal in the extreme, romantic and with abundant food for romance, cannot be said to turn to religion because of isolation, loneliness, lack of active life, driving her to turn to real or imaginary spiritual experience. The explanation of abounding creative life, seeking outlets where it might, in romance, in religion, is less interesting and less final, and to me, knowing her later life, less probable, than a basis presently to be suggested. And given the stimulus of aspiration, she seems to have realized that aspiration is not enough, and always to have been seeking a technique.

On her return from New York in April, 1868, the circumstance of her engagement to my father deepened her search for "the good life."

"Next to my Creator, Charlie. Is there any such thing as loving one

too much. O there cannot be. My prayer is that I may continue to love God most and Charlie next. Keep me from having my treasure on earth, but in heaven.

"I think of him so much and have so many happy thoughts of our future. *Our future*—how queer that sounds. Over a month since we were engaged and the love seems to grow upon me.

"God forbid that I should ever think less of him. And when I think that we are both trying to serve one God, how much happiness it gives me. He is so good. May I prove a true and loving wife. Deep unutterable joy . . . I must just accept it all and love God and every one more than ever."

A week after their marriage, four years later, she writes from Minnesota: "If the rest of my life I can be as happy as I have been thus far, I shall have no cause of complaint, and not for all the wealth of the worlds would I go back where I was.

"O Lord, wilt thou guide me and direct me. Keep me that I may be a living example of what a Christian should be. Help me to see clearly. Put words of wisdom in my mouth. I can do nothing without thy aid.

"O God, grant that I may see my first plans in married life, my first hopes, include a true love to God and a true purpose in serving him. It will not be enough that I love my husband. He must be my head in the Lord. He must interpret to me God's love. But he is not God. If I hope in any besides God, my ladder will be on the ground, but too short to reach farther than the storm clouds and ere long the wind will blow it down. Nothing is so beautiful as the temple that love builds. O may our house be built of love. It must be God in me that shall maintain me in that dignity and nobility which shall hold *his* love . . . Make me pure, Lord, and fill my heart with godliness . . ."

There is in the volume not an entry of any length which does not center about this urge for perfection in life and love. From the first expressions of her little girlhood—"I pray the Lord to help me in my weakness and to strengthen my heart"—on to that lyric utterance, "Nothing is so beautiful as the temple that love builds. O may our house be built of love . . . ," the whole record speaks an awareness of an inner order, an aspiration to combine with it, and a search for a technique in that delicate progress. Her reaction to most of experience bears evidence of this uninterrupted awareness of its spiritual interpretation, and of constant seeking to deepen that awareness. She writes:

"One of God's most beautiful days. How good he is to us and how little I do for him."

Also: "What a beautiful night, the moon shedding its pale light down on the earth while frost glimmers from every branch and twig. Beautiful world, and do we appreciate it as we should? Do we return thanks to the giver of all good for this beauty? How much we have to thank him for —pleasant home, friends, the Bible—oh, how little I do for him in return."

She sings at a concert in Madison, and "was spoken of very highly," and continues:

"I thank God he has given me my voice. May I use it to his glory."

There are two mob lynchings in

Portage in September, 1869. She records the events and that which led up to them, and ends:

"What are people thinking of? 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

In other ways besides in the impulse to be articulate in the journal, she had a creative urge. She had not a dozen music lessons, but she mastered the organ and melodeon sufficiently to play for the church singing at times, and she had some skill at the piano. Her voice was her greatest means of expression, and she sang and played her own accompaniments all her life, the rich tones persisting until long past middle life. She studied painting in oils: "I have finished another painting—a scene on the Rhine." "I have painted a pastoral scene." "I have painted Goodrich Castle, England." This castle hangs now in my room, simple and direct, like an English primitive, and almost modern. She was much in demand at "private theatricals," that early mother of the Little Theater movement—I recall her in jet, singing in "Lost and Saved," at the Portage Opera House. The poetry which found its way to her she read eagerly: Miss Mulock, Bayard Taylor, Thomas Moore. She copies out a poem of Moore's and prefaces it:

"Do I deserve this happiness? God knows I do not—why is it I am so cold in his service? Help me, gracious Lord, that I may be more faithful, help us *both* that we may be found ever ready to work for Thee, and, Heavenly Father, wilt Thou watch him and guard him . . . I shall try to look on the bright side, but if anything should happen that I should never be with him, what would I be without him.

"'How sweetly does the moonlight smile
To-night on yonder leafy isle.
Oft in my fancy's wanderings
I've wished that little isle had wings,
And we within its fairy bowers
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse would beat but ours
And we might live and die alone.'"

Her aspiration and a search for a technique for its expression in conduct, never ceases. Two years after marriage she writes:

"It seems as if the love grows stronger every day of my life. Do I love him too much? Surely not, for did not the Good Father so constitute us that we are to love . . . Bless us, Heavenly Father, in our love for each other, and in that love may we not forget that all these earthly blessings come from Thee."

Following my birth, every entry has to do with the responsibility felt by her—"may I teach her so to live . . ." and "Can I bring her up as he would have me." But there is no entry of that which she has told me, that in the months of waiting my arrival, countless times daily she would leave the room, where she sat sewing with her mother and sisters, and would pray, not for her safety or mine, but for the usefulness of the young life that she awaited. "I was possessed to pray for this," she would say.

From 1876 to 1889 there is no entry, but when one is made, these thirteen years have not breathed

upon the bloom of her desire. Nor upon her activities, which now include eight years of service as treasurer of her church, the only woman to have held the office. The journal entry is intimate, the religious note is the same. She adds:

"This is the last I shall write. I shall copy here some of my daughter's poems, for she has developed a talent for writing." And I am interested to note, in those uncommonly bad contributions, their inevitably religious cast. The first page of quatrains, after one about a millinery shop written at six years, is "The Soul," written at thirteen. I mention this because I do not feel that the religious atmosphere of her daughter's upbringing was alone responsible for this choice, but rather something other—shall we say something chemical?—communicated by the mother. I do not mean by her body, before the birth she awaited, but by the totality of her presence. I do not mean scientific or pseudo-scientific terms for this effect, but something which we may know more about or may discard, as time suggests.

Twenty-eight years later Eliza Beers Gale writes: "What can I say of my past life? I have tried so hard to do right." And then this sentence, as from a saga: "It is wonderful to look back over my life, and to see the changes."

She recounts the friends who have gone, and now, at seventy, she says: "Where, where are they? Will I ever see them again. Yes, I believe."

In the final entry, January 1920: "O, I have tried so hard to be a good wife and mother. I do not know if I have succeeded, but I do know that I love them both with an everlasting love. Help us, Lord, to believe. . . ."

It is necessary to have in mind that all who have known her have known first of all a laughing, fun-loving, mischievous, and popular girl, albeit with a dignity upon her from her earliest years; and then a young woman of beauty and charm and gaiety, the number of whose suitors was the despair of her mother. And I myself have known her as a woman of joyous humor, a delicious wit, a happy attitude toward every circumstance of her life; as one who, to her last day, was the spirit of every party and who, literally in her last hours, jested with us all. She had great magnetism, and her face was always as if illumined from within.

Here was no religion which "found God and turned plain." It was a religion which lighted a lamp in a vessel. Here was a nature that, on the food of formal religion, loved and served God, did divine an inner order in the universe, did attempt all her life to bring herself into harmony with it and, or so it seemed to us who looked on, did succeed.

The Canal Is the Answer

International Significance of the Nicaraguan Tangle

Cyrus French Wicker

During the past twelve months extraordinary events have been happening in Nicaragua. Up to a year ago we were reading without undue excitement of revolutions in that country, of bandit leaders, insurrections and political disturbances, accepting these events, when we thought of them at all, as a customary part of the political life. Revolutions, we had learned, were almost as frequent in Central America as earthquakes and were hardly more dangerous. The lives and property of foreigners in particular were not seriously affected, and if injury occurred it was usually the result of accident rather than of deliberate intention.

In the year just past, however, the complacency of our attitude has been disturbed in a manner that challenges our more thoughtful consideration. We read of United States war-ships being sent to Nicaragua; of American marines landed at Bluefields, at Bragman's Bluff and at Corinto; of squadrons of bombing-planes sent out to locate and exterminate groups of alleged rebels, bandits and "outlaws"; this last word reviving, disquietingly, a method of settling political disputes that has long since passed away in civilized countries.

Many Americans, otherwise well informed on world events, are asking themselves what it is all about. Why is the United States now sending its armed forces to Nicaragua? Is intervention in the internal affairs of a sister republic justifiable? If so, what are the objectives to be gained and are they worth the risk we run in inviting criticism not only by our Latin-American neighbors but also by all the world?

It is by no mere accident that our forces are now in Nicaragua, and the reasons for the present intervention go back for nearly a century. All Americans are aware that it is the canal route that gives to Panama its position of importance in our foreign policy; but few are aware that up to the time the Panama Canal was built, the Nicaraguan route was considered the better, as it is the nearer, cheaper and more practicable of the two. So the basic fact of the whole Nicaraguan tangle, the cause of the recent disturbances and the reason why United States marines are now there and have been with short intermissions ever since 1912, is that Nicaragua is the site of the only alternative interoceanic canal which might be constructed in the future.

As every event in Nicaragua now presents a question, so every question has one answer—the "canal." This

may seem strange, now that the Panama Canal is in operation; but we must remember that long before the present canal was built the United States was determined on exclusive control of any interoceanic canal route. Commission after commission was sent down by our Government to study every possible route, and of these commissions the majority favored Nicaragua.

Originally four routes were considered worthy of study. The most northerly was that across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in Mexico; important because it would be the route nearest to the United States and the shortest by over a thousand miles. The Isthmus of Tehuantepec, however, is more than 150 miles wide and the obstacles to a ship-canal of this length were unsurmountable; so the project was abandoned. The second route and that most favored by our engineers and canal commissions was the Nicaraguan route; the third, the Panama route; and the fourth the route following the Atrato River in Colombia. This last, a broad and navigable river flowing northward through Colombia into the Gulf of Darien, on the Atlantic coast, comes at one point to within twenty-two miles of the Pacific Ocean; but on top of these twenty-two miles is piled the backbone of the Cordilleras, the northern peaks of the Andes mountains, some of them 17,000 feet high, so that it would be necessary to dig a tunnel under and through the mountains—a project involving stupendous engineering difficulties.

So there remained only the alternative routes: Nicaragua or Panama. Of these the Nicaraguan still offers great advantages, particularly climate—in which it is far superior to Panama. It is, moreover, 750 miles shorter, or about three days sailing, between New York and San Francisco. The Nicaraguan route offers in addition the advantage of the large natural lake of Nicaragua, 120 miles long by forty to sixty miles wide, ensuring that abundance of water essential to the operation of a lock-canal. This lake comes to within eighteen miles of the Pacific Ocean, and is connected with the Atlantic by the broad and navigable San Juan River, 110 miles long with a drop of only one foot to the mile. It is a matter of history that Lord Nelson, when a lieutenant, sailed his vessel up that river and was wounded in a battle at Fort San Carlos, commanding the point where the river leaves the lake.

As a further argument in favor of a Nicaraguan crossing it is said that the Panama Canal is now operating at about seventy per cent of its capacity, and in the near future, it is possible that a single canal will be unable to handle the growing commerce.

These things together, shorter distance between American ports, abundant supply of water from a lake fifty times the size of that at Panama, the healthful climate and the demands of increasing world trade, all tend to make the early building of the Nicaraguan Canal an economic necessity. When it is considered that the highest estimate for building this canal is $160,000,000, as compared with $412,000,000 already expended in Panama, the case for the Nicaraguan route becomes increasingly evident.

Its value is clearly understood by

our Government—quite apart, moreover, from the final and all important argument in favor of the alternative canal route as essential for our defense in time of war. It would be a disaster if the United States should be involved in a war with one of the great powers and any accident or injury should happen to the locks at either end of the Canal. The precious water, which takes two years to impound, might then, in spite of the emergency dams, run away and our fleet be left stranded among the Cordilleras or divided by the long voyage around Cape Horn. It is vitally important, therefore, to the protection of the United States and to the maintenance of our trade and commerce, that the Nicaraguan Canal be built.

It is, in this connection, the manifest policy of the United States that all strategic points in the Caribbean —in Mexico, Central America, Panama, as well as in Cuba, Porto Rico, Haiti and Santo Domingo—should be dominated by the United States or at least remain in control of comparatively weak republics, and should not be allowed to fall into the hands of any power, European, Asiatic or American, by which they might be used as a base of operations against the United States. This is the modern expression of the Monroe Doctrine, which began as a notice to Europe that America would not allow the extension of the monarchical system to any part of the Americas, but is now interpreted as the duty of the United States not only to prevent intervention by any foreign power in the financial or political affairs of any American republic, but to intervene itself and if necessary control the affairs of these sister republics until foreign claims and interests are entirely satisfied.

This is what has occurred in Haiti and Santo Domingo and less obviously in other disturbed areas; and it is the application of this doctrine that leads the United States now to intervene in Nicaragua, to secure the undisputed control of the alternative and preferable canal route.

Before any canal can be built, the right to build it must be obtained by treaty from the government in possession of the desired route. In the case of Panama this right had to be obtained from Colombia, then sovereign over the Isthmus, and this right was refused. All the world knows the result of this refusal and the events which in 1902 led to the separation of Panama from Colombia, the recognition by the United States of the new republic and the subsequent signing of the treaty. At that time negotiations were undertaken with Nicaragua to the same end; but were in like manner rejected and the building of the Nicaraguan route indefinitely postponed.

Nicaragua was at that time under the control of a typical Central American dictator, Zelaya, who steadfastly refused to sign any canal treaty whatever with the United States. Zelaya—in character resembling Diaz of Mexico—with Cabrera of Guatemala and Castro of Venezuela, was one of the Big Four of the Caribbean rulers. He was the leader of the designated Liberal party in Nicaragua and, as usual in Central American politics, he suppressed the adherents of the opposing Conservative party and drove their leaders into exile.

In Central America the "ins" are really in; and the "outs" would better get out, figuratively and literally. Just over the frontier of any Central American state there are bands of exiles, waiting only for some show of weakness by the existing government to enter and by revolution overthrow that government and in turn drive out their own political opponents. To speak of fair elections in such a state of political autocracy is to speak of something unknown to the Central American citizen. With such a dictator, opposed to signing any canal route treaty with the United States, negotiations were completely blocked.

Our opportunity came in 1912. In that year a revolution broke out on the east coast of Nicaragua; that restless region always trying to break away from the central government and declare its independence, so that it might sell its valuable canal rights to the United States or to any other power that would recognize the new republic and pay the required price.

Due to the lack of roads or other land transportation across the country, the only communication between the central government on the western side of the mountain divide and the East Coast, was across Lake Nicaragua and down the San Juan River, following exactly the route of the proposed canal. On the outbreak of revolution, therefore, Zelaya like a prudent ruler embarked some eight hundred soldiers on his troop ship *Victoria*, that number being quite sufficient to put down any insurrection, and sent them down the San Juan River.

It so happened that two Americans, Groce and Cannon, had joined the revolutionists, and being experienced mining men they knew how to lay mines under water. Although not in uniform or belonging to any recognized military force, these two men laid a mine in the San Juan River and attempted to blow up the troop ship with eight hundred soldiers on board. Fortunately the current of the river carried the mine a short distance down stream, so that it exploded fifty yards in front of the *Victoria*. A few of the Nicaraguans were washed overboard and drowned, but the greater number managed to scramble ashore. Groce and Cannon took to the woods, but came out three days later, starving; hailed one of Zelaya's launches going up the river, were fed and carried to the fort at San Carlos where, after a court-martial, they were sentenced to be shot. A delay of eleven days followed, during which efforts were made through the United States Consul for their release; but the crime was too base; Zelaya refused to countermand the order and Groce and Cannon were executed.

The result of the execution was of course to stir up feeling between resident Americans and Nicaraguans and, in order to protect the interests of United States citizens—whose lives and property it now appears were in no real danger—American marines were sent to Nicaragua. Resistance was offered by Zelaya with the result that the intervention became a war in which some two thousand Nicaraguans were killed, the principal cities, including the capital were captured, and Zelaya forced into exile.

With his flight a Conservative

party came into power and its leader, Adolfo Diaz, was elected President. This office has been held by members of the Conservative party, under the protection of American marines, ever since. Their mere presence in the capital, although reduced to 110 officers and men and called a "Legation Guard," has exerted such moral effect on the Nicaraguan people that until this past year no serious revolutionary outbreak has occurred.

The most important result that followed directly upon the war with Zelaya was the preparation of a treaty giving to the United States the exclusive right to build a canal across Nicaragua, which treaty—identical with the one rejected by Zelaya—was promptly signed and ratified by the Government of Adolfo Diaz. Under this treaty the right to construct, operate and maintain a canal was sold to the United States for three million dollars, a great part of which sum went to pay certain claims of Americans against the Nicaraguan Government; so that more than half, it is estimated, came directly back to citizens of the United States, while considerably less than half went to Nicaragua. Of this, part was used for the needs of the new Government and part for the conversion and stabilization of the currency on a gold basis and the creation of a National Bank.

This treaty, known as the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, was negotiated and signed with the leaders of the Conservative party. The whole trouble now centers in the fact that the Diaz Conservative party is apparently in the minority, that the great bulk of the people of Nicaragua are Liberals. Of course, as the party in power has the means of controlling the elections it is difficult, in the absence of a fair election, to determine which party is in the majority. According to the American point of view, this fairness is possible only through supervision of the elections by American marines stationed at the polls to prevent interference. In such supervision, however, the Nicaraguans, not unnaturally, see control of their internal affairs by a foreign government; and if in such a supervised election the Liberal party were returned to power, its first act might be to abrogate the Canal Treaty as having been signed by a government that never had the support of a majority of the people and that, even while in power, was sustained only by the presence of American marines.

There in essence lies the difficulty. We have acquired for a mere three million dollars a very satisfactory treaty giving us the exclusive right to build the only feasible interoceanic canal, to begin its construction whenever we please, and in the meantime to prevent others from building it or even acquiring the right to build it—the possession of which right alone might disconcert us greatly. Together with the canal rights we acquired the lease, for ninety-nine years with extension for another ninety-nine years, of Great Corn and Little Corn Islands, near the Atlantic entrance to the proposed Nicaraguan Canal and essential for its defense; and, most important of all, we acquired the right to establish a naval base on the Bay of Fonseca, on the Pacific coast of Nicaragua.

This Bay of Fonseca is the third finest harbor on the Pacific Ocean and the only first-class harbor on the west coast between San Francisco and Valparaiso. Situated less than five hundred miles from Panama, at the point where three Central American states—Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua—come together, its entrance guarded by two volcanos, like giant pillars to a greater Gateway of the Gods, the Bay of Fonseca is at once a most beautiful harbor and a most valuable strategic port.

On the Nicaraguan shore of this bay our Government acquired by the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty the right to establish a naval base the guns of which, while protecting the harbor against enemies of the United States, would dominate not only the entire bay but also the coasts of the three republics bordering on that bay and the principal Pacific ports of two of them, Amapala and La Union.

As this treaty, therefore, signed with the Diaz Government, gives the United States not only the exclusive right to the canal route, but also the defense of the Atlantic entrance and a naval base second to none in the Pacific, it is with no little misgiving that the United States contemplates a possible overthrow of the long continued party rule of the Conservatives. Especially is this the case if there should be returned to power those who hold that the treaty was acquired under duress and is invalid, and who might even throw the whole matter into confusion by openly proposing the abrogation of the treaty and the submission of the question of its validity to an international tribunal for consideration and decision.

If twenty-five million dollars were paid to Colombia in compensation for her loss of the province of Panama, what sum might be demanded by a new government in Nicaragua which, after fourteen years of waiting, came at length into power and denounced the treaty as negotiated with an invader, signed during occupation, and ratified in the presence of the military forces of the victor occupying the national capitol? Though the decision of the court and the opinion of the world might support the fact of the treaty, the nature of the challenge would be such as to disturb the well-formulated policy of the United States toward the countries of the Caribbean and particularly those in the neighborhood of the canal routes.

The United States has had difficulty enough already in maintaining the rights acquired under the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, in the face of critical neighbors. With regard to the Bay of Fonseca, the republics of Salvador and Honduras have protested that the treaty between Nicaragua and the United States gives the latter the right to establish a naval base the guns from which, although on Nicaraguan territory, dominate their shore-line, their territorial waters and their principal Pacific ports. They claim that as their shores border equally with Nicaragua on the bay they are entitled to equal rights and use in the whole of that nearly land-locked harbor, and that the Nicaraguan Government had no right to cede to the United States a naval base which would control and dominate their shores.

A parallel case might be advanced in the event—most improb-

able of course—that Mexico signed a treaty with Signor Mussolini giving Italy the right to establish a naval base at Matamoros, just across the Rio Grande in Mexico. The United States would certainly oppose an act designed to create a naval base on its immediate frontier and would resent the placing of guns there to control the mouth of the river and American shores and waters. Yet this is exactly what has happened in the case of Nicaragua and her two neighbors on the Bay of Fonseca.

Again, Costa Rica claims that Nicaragua has infringed Costa Rican rights in granting to the United States the right to build and operate the Nicaraguan Canal utilizing the San Juan River, in as much as the route must of necessity follow that river which for the greater part of its length is the natural boundary between the two republics. By most ancient law, in the case of river boundaries, each state owns to the middle of the stream, and in the case of navigable rivers both states own equally, for purposes of navigation, the whole of the navigable waters. Neither can exclude the other; neither can part with or be forced to relinquish a right enjoyed jointly. Costa Rica having equal rights with Nicaragua in the use of the San Juan River, including its use as a canal, is justified in claiming that Nicaragua could not, without the consent of Costa Rica, grant exclusive rights in a canal route to a third nation.

These arguments carry great weight and have already been presented before the only tribunal which at the time was competent and fully able to decide a question of international law and relationships between the Central American states: the Central American Court of Justice.

This Court, established in 1907, was created under the auspices and at the invitation of the United States. Although not a member of the Court itself, the United States invited representatives from the five Central American countries to meet in Washington for the purpose of creating a Central American Court of Justice which should determine by judicial processes any controversies that might arise between the respective countries. The Court itself was established at San José, Costa Rica, and Andrew Carnegie gave one hundred thousand dollars to build the Palace of Justice, which still stands in the capital city.

To this court, therefore, created at Washington, four nations of Central America presented their claims against Nicaragua in the matter of the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty; Salvador and Honduras, with Guatemala, protesting that Nicaragua had no right to sign a treaty granting to a foreign power the right to establish a naval base dominating their coasts and coastal waters in the Bay of Fonseca, and Costa Rica claiming that Nicaragua had no right to sign a treaty granting rights in a canal route in which, as a joint boundary, Costa Rica had an equal share.

The Court held four to one, Nicaragua alone dissenting, that Nicaragua had no right to enter into the treaty without the other parties to the suit consenting. But Nicaragua refused to abide by the decision and the United States kept silence. As a result, the Central American Court of

Justice ceased to function, its prestige was ruined and the doors of the Palace of Justice were closed; while by keeping silence the United States abandoned its position as upholder of the international tribunal which was at once its ward and its creation. Can any one doubt but that the return of a Liberal government in Nicaragua, even though it involves the abrogation of the treaty with the United States, would be hailed with delight by the neighbors in Central America?

That is one side of the story; the other, brighter in every way, is equally the result of the treaty. Since 1916 the Republic of Nicaragua has enjoyed such freedom from revolutions and from civil war as has never been known since her independence. There followed logically an increase of prosperity, of well-being and of progress such as to make her the envy of her neighbors. Railroads have been extended, highways built, trade and commerce fostered, while the customs receipts, under American administration, increased many fold and are collected at a cost of under three per cent. In addition the conversion of the currency from the depreciated paper peso to the gold Cordoba has put the exchange of Nicaragua on a parity with the gold dollar. There is no doubt but that Nicaragua is many times better off under the treaty, and that when the canal is built, its construction and operation will bring a flood of prosperity to that little country exceeding even that of Panama.

The objections of the Nicaraguans to American intervention are political rather than practical; just as the purpose of the United States is not the subjugation of a neighboring people, but only the maintenance of acquired rights. If these should be withdrawn, or denied, and made the basis of possible complications with foreign nations it would create difficulties and involve new and complicated doctrines of guardianship and control. To avoid opening the peculiarly American question of the Nicaraguan Canal to European discussion and decision, the United States may consider its stand well taken in placing some restraint on the political enthusiasms of its neighbors in the interests of themselves, of the United States and of the world at large.

In that light the attitude of the United States is clear. Our country recognizes the inestimable advantage to the entire world in keeping the canal—a supremely strategic point of the Caribbean area—under the control of the United States and thereby be precluding it from ever becoming a cause of war, or the possible site for hostile action against the safety of the United States. Abrogation of the treaty would disturb the present peace of the Caribbean, the very safety of the Central American countries themselves. By controlling the strategic points, the possible naval bases and in particular the canal routes, the United States will ensure its own safety and that of the American republics surrounding the Caribbean area and make it, in truth a peaceful sea.

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Sib to We'uns

The Bullet-Proof Alibi of Wait-Still-on-the-Lord Lowe

Maristan Chapman

The hills that fold around Lowe's cabin above Glen Hazard were heavy with night and storm, and where the clouds broke apart there came a slice of white sky that served to streak the blackness on the slopes and to lighten the water where White Oak breaks into Big South Fork, so it showed gleaming and alive. The woods path, shoulder-high with laurel thicket, rustled with the slow wind, so the woman in the house came time and yet again to stand in the door to listen did some person push his way betwixt.

Now Barsha Lowe waited with her ears sharp set toward the path, while the storm wind plucked at the lamp she held. She peered up to the rim of Cragg Hill that overshadowed her, and she said, "Hit's gone dark this night even up top—a wicked night!"

Back in house again, she shoved the door shut, lifting it a little where it scraped the uneven floor, and she spoke to the two men who dozed by the wood fire.

"You, Rashe, wake up and go to sleep!"

Horatio, who had long habit of this saying, stretched himself full length from his slat rocking-chair, and drifted to the bed in the far corner, where he went sound off asleep again.

"My old man gets that wore out cutting ties for the railroad," Barsha made excuse to the guest.

"That's all right, Mis' Lowe," the man said. "Used to be a time"—he spoke with solemn words, all slow with sleep—"used to be a time when I didn't care to cut tie timber my-ownself, before I was voted to office."

Time went by, the man drowsing, and the woman with one ear lifted toward the door, hoping—or fearing—for a step without.

When she spoke she only said, "Pick a quilt and wrop yourself where you fancy."

"Thank you, Mis' Lowe, but I'd as lief set by the fire. I don't choose ary bed."

Barsha Lowe, knowing this nought but manners, urged further. "You'd a sight better lay you down a spell. They's—they's Waits's bed won't be used this night."

The officer drowsed before the dying wood ashes on the hearth, but he looked up now at the woman and studied about her words. Barsha tended the wick of the smoky lamp, and her face was turned from him.

"Well, 'twon't do harm to stretch awhile," he gave way. And he took up a quilt from the pile in the corner of the room and wrapped himself on Waits's cot that stood across the

foot of the big bed. Soon he was snoring.

Barsha went to the door again, and dragged it open and looked out. The night was pitmirk, but a single star glinted in a cracked cloud beyond the mountain.

"O Lord," she prayed, speaking to the star as the outward sign, "O Lord, don't ever you hold it against Waits! And efn he's bound to go with that crowd, O Lord, make 'em run the other way from trouble!"

There was a noise up the trail and Barsha's face lighted that way. But it was not her boy. It was the sheriff, his hunter, astride a vast white horse.

"Evening, Mis' Lowe," he greeted, solemn. "Is the deputy here?"

"Reckon he is," she answered. And then, "Light 'n' rest you, Joe Marks—stay all night."

He might guess by that that Waits was not here, yet he might choose to linger.

"No'm, I thank you, I got to push on. I only stopped by to get Sam to come with me."

Barsha went in and roused the deputy, and directly the two officers rode away.

"You told me to stay to see did the boy come in," the deputy complained, sleep-thick and tempersome.

"No need now," Joe Marks answered. And when he was outside the mother's hearing, he went on, "Reckon we'll get him rounded with the rest in the hollow by Ansen's Cove."

Communion with the Lord comes easy to those who have small to-do with their earthly kin, and Barsha Lowe, standing in the doorway, shielded the lamp with a wing of her gray cotton shawl and prayed again. "O Lord," she said, "lead him to come home now, whilst they's a chanst."

With the falling of the steady wind a smirr of rain had started, and was whirling across the clearing in fretting gusts. The lamp-chimney cracked and fell tinkling to the log step at Barsha's feet, but she yet stood for a while, and the smoky flare of the bare wick lighted up her lined face and its frame of white hair. And when the flame went out she looked up to the top of Cragg Hill, where a light still showed in Tom Carr's house. Any folk so curious that they'd build on a crest likely would sit up all night. Barsha gave over trying to explain outlanders and went sadly indoors.

Yonder side Cragg Hill there was work this night, the way the sheriff cast his men in a ring to close on the gang of wastrel boys. The hollow was loud with men's trampling and running, and where in the darkness they took prisoners by mistake from among themselves, there came ill words and blows. A tinsey chap fell howling into Marks's own hands, and informed shrilly on his mates. "They gone up Ansen's Cove—leave me loose! Over that way they said they'd go—leave me loose, I ain't done nothing—yonder's Waits Lowe—" But Marks yet held on to the child while he took off up Cragg Hill, where one of the boys was climbing by an overhung rock. The sight of him being lost when he came upon the ridge, he fired his gun into the air to show that the business was serious. Back down the hollow the hantle of men cast about with great noise and

the ill-doers fled with mocking shouts betwixt the widespread net and were mostly clean gone away.

Wait-still-on-the-Lord Lowe was pushed close by the law-officer; he had little breath left to holler in at Carr's house when he gained the crest of Cragg Hill. To ask aid of an outlander was a sharp and sorry thing, but a man will do what next offers when he's hard driven. So Waits made a shambling knock and flung open the door. Betwixt his blinking in the light of the gasoline lamp, Waits could see the outlander and his wife the way they'd jumped from their chairs by the table, and the books newly thrown down; and he noticed the woman's store-boughten clothes and the man's Sunday coat before he heard Tom Carr say to his wife, "Unusual haste for a mountain neighbor! What on earth—"

Waitstill drew back from the half-laughing voice and pulled the door shut again, but the outlander was quick to follow and he came upon the porch place where Waits was going out into the rain.

"Come in, boy! Come in! Whatever's the matter?"

And Waits would yet have gone his way, only the woman came out and also called him to enter.

Inside the house again he stood hunched and ragged, and pulled off his wrecked hat, so his wild hair stood all ways. He held himself ready to be scarce of this place if need was—though where he'd go with the officers abroad for him was a puzzle. His dark eyes searched fearfully in shadowed corners of the room.

"Thought maybe efn I come house-wanting, you'd keep me the night," he said. "Don't anybody around want such trash as me."

And then, as a far-off shot startled them, he went on with a glint of fun, "Less'n maybe it's the sheriff."

Yet standing at the door, his right hand back of him and clutching the knob, he told without haste of the shooting scrape the boys had mixed themselves into. One had been bad hurt—happen even killed dead—in a sprattle where rough play had grown to a jower. Two of the boys who owed him ill-will had vowed to put the damage on him should they be caught. He made it very clear that there stood no more wholesome and harmless man in shoes than himself—Waitstill Lowe.

The outlander, Tom Carr, looked solemn enough by this time. He said, "Can you swear you had no hand in this trouble?"

"I never done no harm saving run with 'em," Waits said. "May I never leave this spot efn 'taint so."

"Well, *somebody's* done harm," Carr said. "Who was it?"

Waits drew himself upright and told this outlander: "Not my news to tell. But whosoever it was has safely took out to the dark corners."

"Good lad!" Carr said. "You, I mean, not the other chap. Now—"

Steps sounded on the front porch and Waits made a quiet way across the room and slid easily out toward the back of the house.

It was the sheriff, holding yet to the luckless little boy, who cried out, "I seen Waits come in hyar—I seen him!"

Carr stood before the sheriff, not letting him enter.

"This intrusion is unwarrantable," he said sharply.

"I got a warrant all right," the sheriff answered. "A warrant for them ten devil's tools that got away after we had 'em rounded; and efn you're aiding, harboring, concealing, or—"

"Nonsense, man!" Carr broke in. "You don't have to recite at me. You know I'm a stranger—foreigner you call me. What do I know about your suspects? If you can't round them up, that's your affair, not mine."

"But this boy said he saw—"

"That boy is scared enough to see the cow jump over the moon. Take him away."

The door was closed on a suddenty. The sheriff, full of ill-temper, stood rubbing his nose as if the door had shut hard against it.

"I don't blame nobody," he said aloud. "They ought to be left to theyself, folks like that. See what you got for us!"—he turned on the boy and shook him by the collar. "Hark now! I don't want you should see ary foreigner's house again—hear?"

Inside the closed door, Carr said cheerfully, "That man will be back in a minute. I've a feeling he'd like to search the house. I believe I'll take Waits for a ride."

"What on earth for?" his wife asked him.

"Why, I had it in mind to run over to Sunview and see old Todd. You know he's prosecuting attorney for this district. I'll pay him a brief informal visit, take Waits with me to introduce him, and then come home."

"What a crazy creature you are—it's nearly ten o'clock! And I still don't fathom your idea." Mrs. Carr spoke from the bedroom, where she was sorting out a dry coat and hat for Waits.

"My dear, it's a question of alibi. How can Wait-still-on-the-Lord be involved in criminal proceedings when he is paying a social call on his prospective prosecutor?"

"Talk sense, Tom—do! How about the *time*—"

"Are you not prepared to swear that Waits was already at the house here when we heard the first shot?"

"Yes—but that was the sheriff's gun, after all the trouble."

"You are getting mixed. What business is it of ours what gun it was? It was the first shot we heard, wasn't it?"

"Yes—but—"

"And Waits was here, paying us a visit at that time?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Very well then. You forget I'm a match for half a dozen Todds."

"But," Mrs. Carr argued, "if the boy hasn't *done* anything, why bother? The law can't hurt him if he's innocent."

"Can't it, though! The devious ways of justice in these mountains is not made simpler by the mixing in of outside law. You know a trial in court settles nothing; it's merely a period of preparation, and the judge's decision is the prompter's bell that rings up the curtain on the play. So Waitstill Lowe is equally in danger, whether innocent or guilty. Where's he got to, by the way?"

Waits was found on the back porch and brought withindoors and given cake and coffee that both tasted uncommon and different from home, but welcome enough.

While he was eating, Carr went on: "My grandfather, when he lived

in these parts, was always dubious of the law. I inherit his prejudice. Besides, I think Waits is not guilty—eh, Waits?"

"I *know* I ain't," Waits said.

By the woods road it is only five miles to Sunview, but the rains had made the road little more than a string-out of ponds, so Carr made his mind set to take his automobile twelve miles around by the graded way.

"Also," he said, while he lighted a cigarette, "the woods are full of sheriffs and things. Get in, Waits."

Waits was unwilling, but he had gambled on the help of the foreigner, and he was now in his power. It was no use to break and run where happen he'd be caught. And for all this outlander's careless ways with a man's life, he seemed easy-hearted. So Waits made himself into a sulky bundle in the corner of the front seat, curling as far from Carr as he could, and holding the door on the catch, ready to jump any minute.

While they went along he puzzled about this outland man. Neighbors told where Mr. Carr had book-learning by the ell-and-yard, and could write a book as soon as read one—but did he have good sense? Waits was shamed by this notion, for he was beholden to Mr. Carr and both he and his wife were fere and kindly spoken, for all they bothered a person with curious talk. So Waits shut the door and sat him down in patience to be cared for. And holding on for the rough places took up all his mind.

Sheriff Joe Marks turned out of his way next morning to go by Lowe's place. Rashe was sitting on a home-made chair tipped back against the side of the house. His shot-gun rested beside him and his eyes were fixed on the trail.

"Morning," he grunted.

"Morning. How you making out?"

"Very middling, I thank you. Light and set."

"No, I guess not. Just come on by to tell you we got some of the boys last night, but hit's a sorry tale."

No sign from the old man—too proud to ask if his boy was among the captured. The two men, lifelong friends, made enemies this day by the law, measured each other for a full minute.

"I was right pleased not to see Waits," the sheriff said.

"Reckon you was."

"Gin he'd been handy, I'd have took him."

"Reckon you would."

"But he warn't."

"No, he warn't."

"Well, good day to you, Rashe Lowe!" And the sheriff rode off.

Rashe sat by his house door and watched the herd of shadows grazing over the hills southward, where doubtful sun played with the leftments of last night's storm, till the topmost clouds thinned back from a pale white sky and noon was nearly come.

When he heard the strange high voices of the outlanders, he made no move, but called to his wife that company was on the way. Barsha came front and waited beside him till Mr. and Mrs. Carr drew near. Then Rashe moved to sit himself on the step and gave his tilted chair to Tom Carr, while Barsha said to the woman: "Step in and choose a chair.

I been looking for you to cry in at my house any day since you took up in these parts."

"Then why didn't you come and say so?" Mrs. Carr asked.

"Hit'd be pushing for us to visit first. We'd be liable to be not wanted."

Mrs. Carr said that where she came from it was the habit for settled people to tell new neighbors welcome.

"You're foreign," Barsha owned.

"Foreign? What do you mean?"

"Why, foreign, of course. I was a foreigner when I come here new wedded, being I was born over to Brimstone, nigh twenty mile from this place. But I've gotten used to it and I'd kind of hate to leave 'n' go back to my own country."

Mrs. Carr thought about this, but it hadn't any answer. "Where is your son?" she asked, willing to get at the thing that caused her visit.

Barsha said carefully, "The good Lord knows—he's not liable to tell."

"I know, too," Mrs. Carr said, wondering if this claim to sharing the secret sounded too bold.

"Then don't tell me," Barsha ordered, "and I'll not need to tell a lie if asked."

"But he's on the way home," Mrs. Carr told her.

Barsha's heart took a spasm. "Hurt?" she said, fearing Mrs. Carr was holding back news.

"No, indeed—and not only safe but free. Mr. Carr made him what he calls a bullet-proof alibi—"

Knowing Waits was ansund, Barsha was ashamed of her feelings. "Safe, is he!" she said sharply. "*I'll* learn him to be safe hereafter! What was that you said Mist' Carr give him—bullet-proof—?"

"Alibi," Mrs. Carr said.

"Kind thanks," Barsha said. "I'll make him wear it all the time."

And now came Waits himself from out the laurel scrub, leaning sulky sullen on the gate, yet hoping to be asked to come in home.

There was no worked-up meeting betwixt the Lowes and their son. The black night was over and done with. Rashe looked the boy up and over as if he unliked him and said, "Go clean up, scatterwit!" And Waits went around the house.

Then, not to come short of manners, Rashe said to Carr: "With a new friend made, past troubles ride light. And I'm thankful to you—he wasn't scarce worth your while."

"Couldn't do anything but take the lad in," Carr told him. "Neighbors, you know—"

"Fair fortune for me 'n' Barsha you feel so. Must be you take after your grandsir. Hit remembers me of the time he stepped betwixt me 'n' the Law. Days gone by—I was a most survigrous young-un. Likely your folks think our folks is in trouble as a habit."

Barsha swept up the hearth, then went out to the lean-to kitchen and came back tying on a clean apron.

"Old woman!" Rashe told her. "Make kind thanks to Mist' Carr. We made a mistake. He's only outland skin-deep."

And Barsha made her thanks by taking the foreigners in home. "We'd be best pleased did you 'n' your old man take a meal with us," she invited Mrs. Carr. "We'd treat you clever as we can, and maybe you'd not care to eat common by token you're sib to we'uns."

The Woman Goes to College

After Which, Must She Choose Between Marriage and a Career?

Bessie Bunzel

There is one aspect of the problem—college and careers, education and marriage, professional work and motherhood—that has received very little attention, except to some extent in the medical literature which the layman ordinarily does not see—and which may prove to be the gist of the whole matter. May we not raise as the real questions at issue the following: Why do women go to college, what type of women go there, what is the aim of the college, and finally—a question that has rarely been openly stated—is there some obscure reason why women whose tendency is away from the usual direction of marriage and maternity choose professional training and the pursuit of a career? This last query is concerned with the formulation of life values which college women lay down for themselves, and suggests that in the last analysis careers perhaps are a sublimation for other desires. More obvious and direct is the inquiry why more college women do not have husbands or a greater number of babies, and the criticism of the curriculum or organization of institutions of higher learning, which claims that thereby women are steered away from matrimony. But perhaps if we can throw some new light on psychological motives, the question of non-marriage will automatically resolve itself.

We will not attempt to review here the history of the educational advance of women, except to record that in 1926 there were well over 300,000 women enrolled in the colleges, universities and professional schools reporting to the United States Bureau of Education. This entire movement has been limited to the last few decades. After surmounting really serious obstacles, the higher education of women in this country began with the opening of Mount Holyoke Seminary in 1837, the admission of women to Oberlin and Antioch in the fifties, and the founding of Vassar and Wellesley shortly after the Civil War. Fast and furious has been the growth since that beginning; and if women have not been welcomed enthusiastically by the recognized graduate and professional schools of the nation, they are now at least tolerated in most cases—though all barriers are not yet down. For example, a current announcement of the Public Health School of Harvard University states that women are admitted as special students, but not as candidates for regular degrees. Nevertheless, the battle for equal educational rights is almost won.

In the beginning, the colleges for women sought to demonstrate the mental equality of the sexes. The more rabid feminists may even have wanted to prove their own intellectual superiority. Emphasis, in the early years, was placed on abstract and theoretical knowledge, especially the value of classical learning, literature and languages. Only recently has interest in the sciences, social and natural, been evident in college curriculums. The girls in the early classes were characterized and cartooned, with more than a little justice, as "bluestockings" lacking in feminine attractiveness, dowdy in appearance, devoid of what we now glibly call sex-appeal. Spectacles and the earnestness of life were much in evidence on the campus; education was a solemn process, almost a mystic rite; light, without its concomitant sweetness, the common slogan. Naturally with the greatly increased registration of the last few years, the homogeneity of the group and its seriousness of purpose has markedly diminished, and now there are many and mixed motives for girls going to college. Though in the past only the exceptional girl or the one who wanted to teach went to college; now it is the accepted procedure among even moderately well-to-do parents to send their daughters to the sources of higher learning. It fills up the time between high school and marriage very agreeably; it furnishes valuable social contacts; it is the stepping-stone to lucrative employment—and so on.

The purely intellectual impetus, the divorce from practical affairs, and the rigor of discipline in the early colleges held no appeal for any but the most independent, intelligent and strong-minded. And such girls are not typically the marrying kind. Going to college was a form of self-dedication; the desire for careers, discussed with bated breath and spelled in capital letters, was something new in feminine circles. Probably unconsciously much of the intense interest in knowledge per se and in extending the mental horizon was but a compensation, a method of coping with a misunderstood and only vaguely defined unrest. Dissatisfied, incomplete lives and a vivid feeling of the futility of existence have always been present in human affairs. But in the past, women could see no escape and hence were forced to make the best of a bad bargain. Above all, they were bound by their economic dependence on the men of the family; and naturally, whoever pays the piper calls the tune. To such intelligent, restless and dissatisfied girls, college seemed to offer a way out and promised to add deeper meaning and richness to life, and, even more important, professional training would provide the means for earning a livelihood. This attitude still prevails, although the desire for gainful occupation and a career is not the sole animating purpose behind the unusual increase in college registration.

Nor was this desire for economic freedom limited to college women. The last forty years have been marked by a far-reaching exodus from the home to the office, store and factory—and the end is not yet in sight. As the nineteenth century progressed, one by one the traditional domestic tasks of women were taken over by machines. Smaller

families and release from the former household drudgery, which included candle-making, baking, spinning and weaving, as well as cooking, sewing and caring for the children, brought leisure for outside interests and activities. At the same time, there developed an era of industrialization unprecedented in history; the tremendous expansion of the factory system with its incessant call for people to tend the machines brought women in large numbers into new occupations. Not only was an additional labor supply needed, but a low-paid and unskilled one would answer all requirements. On many jobs, the labor of women was as efficient as that of men and also much cheaper. The official census figures tell the story of an ever-accelerating growth. In 1870, the first year for which we have occupational statistics, there were in the United States, 1,800,000 gainfully employed women, of whom nearly a million were engaged in domestic and personal service. The number had grown to over two and a half million by 1880; to more than five million by 1900; and to over eight and a half million by 1920. The rate of increase has been faster than that of men. For, in the United States from 1880 to 1920, the proportion of males ten years of age and over engaged in gainful occupations has remained nearly stationary, about 78 per cent of the total male population ten years of age and over; whereas the corresponding proportion of women gainfully employed increased from 14.7 per cent in 1880 to 21.1 per cent in 1920.

Although the great majority of the eight and a half million employed women is engaged in industrial pursuits because of stringent economic necessity, the class about which the wildest and most impassioned controversy has raged is that of the professional worker, who is almost always a college graduate. And it is this group that is increasing so very rapidly. In 1910 there were 725,000 women in professional pursuits and in 1920 over a million, an increase of almost 40 per cent in the decade. Many of these women are not obliged to earn their daily bread, but instead they work because of the personal satisfaction and sense of power they thus derive. There is real joy in a job that calls for all one's latent capacity and that provides opportunity for self-expression. But the movement from the home to the wider world of business and the professions has profoundly affected feminine psychology. Instead of idealizing the old virtues of renunciation and self-sacrifice, there is an increasing emphasis on self-development and the supreme importance of the individual in society. This shift in values does bring us face to face with a real dilemma.

Women have generally been considered the mental and social inferiors of men, and only as wives and mothers could they gain any standing whatsoever. This made marriage the only method of winning recognition and prestige, and home-making their only career. Granted that virtually all women still look forward to marriage and maternity as their ultimate goal, that they long for babies and regret the incompleteness of their experience in the loss of maternity, it is none the less true that their present field of activity is not nearly so lim-

ited as it was fifty years ago. Even without marriage it is now possible for a woman to fill her life with interesting and valuable pursuits. The very diversity and complexity of modern life, however, present new and perplexing problems and bring inevitable conflicts. Though there is no reason why a woman should have to choose, any more than a man, between marriage or a job, a profession or motherhood—all too often she is confronted with just such a decision. As a consequence, there is voluble complaint that college women are not marrying and that they are producing far less than their quota of children. There is much truth in this assertion and it must also be admitted that this is a serious state of affairs. From all records it would appear that only about fifty per cent of women college graduates marry and that their families average less than two children each, which is far too low a number to allow replacement in the next generation. Of the women in professional work, according to the 1920 census, only about twelve and a half per cent (125,000) were married. Thus undoubtedly careers have proved obstacles to marriage and maternity.

There are many reasons why this is so. Perhaps the most obvious is the economic independence which frees these women from the necessity of marrying in order to obtain a roof and a meal-ticket. Gainful occupation, at the same time, gives them a high standard of living, one which they are unwilling to lower. Furthermore, present economic conditions necessarily prevent marriage, or at least decidedly retard it. The high cost of living makes it impossible for the average young man to assume family responsibilities at the age when sex impulses become strong. This spread between the biologic and the economic age of marriage acts, of course, as a deterrent, which, though highly important, has no bearing on the question of education, although it colors the entire situation. Turning now to non-financial factors, the college girl is apt to be very critical of men; and they, in turn, fear her superior mental attainments. There is also the seclusion and artificiality of the women's college, which, at the critical moment when the girl first attains maturity, takes her away from her home, her familiar surroundings and places her in a cloistered world of women. Opportunities to meet men are more or less curtailed; so instead of normal heterosexual relationships, her contacts for four years are predominantly feminine and consequently unwholesomely one-sided. In fact, one of the most harmful tendencies fostered by the isolation of the women's college is the impetus it gives toward homosexual relationships. There is little accurate information regarding that side of college life, although there is apparently much justification for the feeling that it actually does exist to a greater or less degree. This certainly is a serious matter and one calling for further investigation.

But the crux of the matter probably rests upon our changing conception of marriage. Beyond question the educated woman makes many demands of marriage and has high standards up to which her mate must measure; nor will she, as in former times, accept weaknesses and inferiorities. There is also a great emphasis on individual development;

the old idea that the woman must merge her personality in that of her husband's and lead her life as he designates, is fast being discarded. And again, as Dr. Beatrice Hinkle has pointed out, the intelligent girl because of her mental endowment is generally less appealing sexually than the more emotional, less thoughtful type. And so the relationship between husband and wife is forced upon a new and better basis, in which the intellectual aspect of marriage is as important as its physical side. It has, moreover, changed from a union in which the woman had everything to gain to one in which there is a mutual give and take. Whereas the modern woman does not at all disregard marriage, she will undertake it only upon her own terms, with the frank recognition that even if, in consequence, she never marries, she at least does not have to accept a position of indignity in somebody else's home. Apparently, therefore, the non-marriage of college women results from a spirit of self-respect, as well as a different philosophy and new demands in the marriage relationship. Perhaps the ideals after which women are groping may turn out to be valueless. Nevertheless, such experimentation is a necessary component of all progress.

Now how do these changing social concepts bear on the problem of the higher education of women? It is a truism to say that the purpose of the college for both men and women, is to prepare its students for a happy and successful life; but when it comes to pointing out specific causes of failure and suggesting methods for better achieving the aim in view, critics disagree so radically that no clear-cut program has ever emerged from the discussion. Repeated attention has been called to the futility of the traditional classical learning, the lack of correlation between scientific theories and their practical application, the students' failure to master the fundamental principles of the subjects taught, the tendency to teach catch phrases in a parrot-like fashion instead of how to think logically, constructively and unprejudicedly. Above all, the colleges have not provided the training which will enable students to face difficult situations in life with a serene confidence of being able to solve them satisfactorily. They have been too far removed from practical affairs and mundane concerns. College should be a link in the continuity of life, not as it often is, a disrupting interval preceding an exceedingly painful period of adjustment when a new set of values has to be reconstructed. All of these objections pertain as much to the men's as to the women's institutions; but they become especially serious when applied to women because of the importance of their biological function. A sound system of education for girls must take this fundamental purpose in life into consideration. Emphatically, we do not urge or even suggest that the college teach only cooking or the science of nutrition in its chemistry classes, or merely those theories of psychology relating to the upbringing of children! But we do consider as absolutely essential a course of study bearing directly upon the problems of everyday life. History, economics, ethics, biology, hygiene, statistics—and so on down the whole long list of

courses in the catalogue—all have implications throwing light upon the unsolved social questions to-day confronting our ablest leaders; but this is not the place to discuss in detail the college curriculum. Of course, we believe that education must provide each individual with a richer cultural background, a wider mental horizon, a broader social vision and the delight gained through diversified interests, to the end that every dormant capacity for creative and happy living may be fostered. The cultured person is the one who responds favorably to the greatest number of stimuli, and it is certainly the function of a liberal college to provide those stimuli and in the greatest possible variety.

There is, however, one subject which has been woefully neglected in the past, upon which more attention must be focused. Happiness and efficiency are not rooted primarily in our intellects, but rather in a harmonious and vigorous functioning of our entire organism—physically, emotionally and mentally. Hitherto the college has been interested solely in the last named. Recently the relatively new science of mental hygiene has begun to demonstrate that the greatest cause of individual failure is psychic maladjustment, the conflicts, inhibitions, anxieties, fears and other emotional disturbances which may cause serious mental disease, and which certainly are responsible for warped and distorted lives. Our most important decisions are based on an emotional and not a rational basis; our intellectual processes merely tend to justify decisions already made. What we most need is not more brains, but rather better use of the brains which we possess. A prominent psychiatrist has said that we all carry "psychic scars" of adolescence which impair our efficiency and cause our downfall. Whereas we assign all sorts of reasons for our failures, when all is said and done, it is not inadequate intellectual ability, but instead emotional reactions—our prejudices, antagonisms, strong likes, habits of thought and stereotyped methods of responding to a given situation—which hinder us.

In this connection there is another subject which must be raised and that is the necessity for a saner sex education. All too often the college girl (and the boy too for that matter) reaches the age of twenty-two and attains intellectual maturity, but at the same time has absolutely no knowledge of the vastly important matter of sex adaptation. Fortunately, some of our college presidents, deans and professors are realizing that the prevailing system of education has been most deficient in directing emotional impulses into healthy channels. One professor, for example, has written that we must provide a thoroughly scientific method of sex instruction which will square completely with the known facts of biology, psychology, sociology and medicine, and be free from the theological considerations that have guided conduct in the past. And another one has pointed out that "the business of the college certainly includes the function of enabling students before they quit its precincts, to find some peace in their own souls and some steadying adjustment to their world. . . . It is pathetic to observe undergraduates going four

years through college without receiving any help whatsoever in understanding those conflicts and disorders which render them so often lost souls and lost irrevocably." No physician in daily contact with the mentally sick could speak any plainer.

Thus there is a growing recognition that the faculty of every college should include a trained psychiatrist and that each student should have the opportunity of consultation about his or her personal problems before it is too late. Beyond doubt, one branch of education is teaching people to understand themselves; and herein lies the psychiatrist's field of service. If individual misconceptions are not straightened out, they rankle and may even result in complete mental and emotional paralysis. How can the mentally maladjusted individual act as a leader of men or even as a useful citizen? The method of approach in mental hygiene work in the colleges as elsewhere should be from the point of view of the individual—what the student thinks, desires, hopes or fears. Comprehension of our own psychology and of the underlying reasons why we react in a given manner to a particular situation, together with expert assistance in resolving the conflict between instincts and judgment, faith and uncertainty, desires and inhibitions, would prevent much ineffectualness and avert much mental suffering. Probably no activity which could be undertaken by the colleges would yield results as valuable as would the right kind of mental hygiene guidance.

The newer medical knowledge has likewise direct bearing upon our problem of the relationship between colleges, careers, marriage and babies. Apparently, as the researches of Dr. Katherine B. Davis indicate, there is good reason for believing that much of the non-marriage of college women is directly due to the ignorance which exists regarding their own biological make-up. Though a knowledge of the laws of sex is so all-important, no other subject is more foggy in the minds of many college graduates. Were there more intelligence in this matter, there would be less complaint of non-adaptability. Not only the single women, but the married, as well, suffer from self-imposed restrictions which are at the basis of much of the present unrest and the blind groping after unattainable objectives. In addition, the married woman who would combine home-making and maternity with the pursuit of a career has another very real conflict on her hands. The solution of this problem is far from a simple task, as those who have tried to work it out have often found to their cost. Success in professional work necessitates rigid concentration and long hours—it is a full-time job—and so, during many years, is home-making and motherhood. Academically the battle for equal opportunities may have been won; nevertheless, in actual practice the gainfully employed mother finds herself being pulled in opposite directions. We all know only too well the complicating factors and mixed motives—the new responsibilities and demands of child-training and the advance in psychology and pedagogy which have been superimposed upon all the traditional cares and duties of motherhood; the dwindling supply of

domestic servants; the glamour and interest in professional work; the need for money so that greater opportunities can be provided for the family; and the conflict caused by emotional ties which for centuries have bound women to their homes.

And yet, granting the difficulty of the problem, some satisfactory answer must be sought; for hundreds of women are struggling at the present time, to combine a job—which cannot always be dignified by the name of career—with the responsibilities of marriage and the care of children. Also, many women have learned that neither a career nor home-making alone absorb all their energies or satisfies all their needs. We are now suffering from the growing-pains which accompany all periods of transition and this dilemma is one aspect of our changing social order. But in spite of the expressed fears that society is headed for perdition, that the sanctity of marriage is disappearing, and that the very foundations of family life are seriously threatened, we shall survive this era of flux and arrive triumphantly at a stage where education will be sounder, where existing conflicts will be resolved and where there will be no antagonism between careers and home-making for women. Why should not a woman round out her life, as does a man, with many interests and with many activities each of which contributes to the fullness and richness of her experience? But above all, let us not lose sight of the fact which Mrs. Bertrand Russell, an ardent feminist, has pointed out, that no matter what success women may achieve in the arts and sciences, it is in maternity and child nurture that they make the most important political and cultural changes. Consequently all the various needs and desires of women—intellectual work, economic and sexual freedom and maternity—must be drawn together. Due honor should be paid to the home-maker and the mother, for hers is the greatest service. To the producer in other fields of endeavor let honor also be given; but let us strive to break down the partitions which in the past have separated these two activities to their mutual disadvantage. Let us utilize to the utmost every natural impulse of love and service which women possess in order to bring about happier human relationships.

An Interesting Week

Hours Spent with Mrs. Besant, Sir Oliver Lodge, Louise Jordan Miln, Dr. Harold Laski and Lord Haldane—Probably the Last Interview with the Distinguished Statesman and Scientist

S. T.

July First

Arrived in London. Hasty dinner, and off to a political meeting at Young Men's Indian Union. Looking back, this seems significant, as I came here not for India or politics, but to see some scientific men. But my young Indian friends at the Club bore me off with them—and of course when I heard that Mrs. Besant was to speak, I wanted to be there.

The hall was packed—with Hindus, Mussulmans, Sikhs, Ceylonese—only a handful of Europeans, in the heart of London! It gave me a strange thrill, all those dark young faces massed against the wall. A very definite change had come over those faces since I last saw them: resolute, determined, stern—the dreamy, meditative, "classic" Hindu type was conspicuously absent. These Hindus of to-day are silent, somber, full of brooding storm.

Suddenly the storm lifted. As one, the young Indians came to their feet, one smile irradiated the entire assembly, and every hand was raised in the characteristic Hindu salutation—"I bow to God in thee!"—with the quiet entrance of a white-haired woman.

I am a sedate middle-aged person, who by this time has seen a good deal of life and causes and personages; I am not a Theosophist, I do not share Mrs. Besant's religious views. Yet I confess I never can behold that gallant white head without a rush of emotion. Round it one seems to see the cohorts of the poor and miserable and oppressed, whom Annie Besant has succored and fought for, ever since she went out into the world penniless with her children, at the age of twenty-seven—miners, match-girls, omnibus-workers, dockers, hungry school-children, oppressed nationalities—finally, India. And now at eighty-one she is still fighting.

Few in America know anything at all of Mrs. Besant's practical life and activities. Her name is associated with mysticism, New Messiahs and exotic creeds. Few people know of the schools and colleges and homes of service that she has established and for years maintained, throughout India. Few know that the Indian National Congress—that powerful body now influencing the political destinies of the nation—had its birth at the end of a Theosophical convention in 1887; that the whole Indian Home Rule movement was organ-

ized by Mrs. Besant and her Theosophical friends; and that Lloyd George said of her, "If ever India gets Home Rule, she can thank Annie Besant!"

Is there any other such figure moving through the drama of our time? Does it matter one iota whether or not you agree with her views concerning the attainments of a very fine and earnest young Hindu?

She talked about the present political situation in India, and what it portends—not only to England, but to the whole European and American world. She said that the boycott of the Simon "All-White Commission" had been a complete success, and that it would continue, until India's right to representation should be recognized. She, of course—unlike many of the Nationalists who started out under her political leadership has steadily contended for keeping India a Dominion within the British Empire. She feels that this is supremely important—that India shall remain a link between the white and colored races.

But she thinks that—within that proviso—every right and privilege of a self-governing people should be theirs. Better conditions prevail in various ways in the States that are native-ruled. There are no riots in these States. It is to the interest of the Hindu rulers to keep their Mussulman subjects contented. But it is to the interest of the Christian government to stir up the Hindus and Mussulmans each against the other. Riots came, she said, from political—not religious—causes. (I had heard this from Hindus and Mussulmans, too, scores of times.) People excited by recent books on the subject, might be interested to know that in the Indian-governed States, the age limit for marriages is sixteen to eighteen. Whereas bills for such age-regulation have been shelved or postponed, in the British-governed States.

In conclusion, there is only one white man in seven, in the British Empire. Yet the great mass is governed by the small minority. The prosperity of the few is built on the subjection and unhappiness of the many. This cannot go on. She warned her hearers—and every person I have seen lately from India says the same—*it is not going to go on.* It is simply a matter now of *how* the change to self-government is to be brought about. Not *if*, or possibly. But when and by whom.

There is a man who holds one key to the solution of the problem: the King of Afghanistan. "A quiet man, a very powerful man—simple, silent, greatly beloved by his subjects." The King of Afghanistan is preparing to organize a League of Asiatic Nations—or, if China is not ready, a League of Islamic Nations; since the League at Geneva is a League of White Nations only. Persia already will not allow British airplanes to fly over her territory. Persia—Turkey—Egypt—North Africa: all Islamic. "What," asked Mrs. Besant, "becomes of your Suez Canal, *then?*"

She closed with a powerful appeal for Dominion status for India, as the only alternative to the unimaginable horrors of a War of Color.

July Second

Mrs. Besant's statements were confirmed in a talk here at the Club to-night, by H. S. Polak, a prominent lawyer and business man just back

from India, and by C. F. Andrews, the Englishman who has labored so devotedly at Dr. Tagore's school and with Gandhi and others, for thirty years. He went out as a Christian missionary, and India (as he says) missionaried him!

Mr. Polak has been to India many times, on matters of delicate international negotiation, and is the trusted friend of all the Indian leaders. He bore out everything Mrs. Besant had said, including the menace of a League of Asiatic Nations. But perhaps the most dramatic thing he said—for an American—was this:

"Two things stung the Indian National Congress into their demand for complete independence. One was the appointment of the Simon All-White Commission. The other was Miss Katherine Mayo's book. People over here simply cannot realize the flaming indignation that has swept India over that book. It used to be thought that America was a friend, or at least friendly to all struggles and strugglers for freedom. But first the anti-Asiatic legislation, and now the heaped-up insults of this book by an American woman, has brought Indians to believe that America is as imperialistic and as unsympathetic as Britain. So strong is this feeling, that an American nowadays, even with the most irreproachable introductions, has great difficulty gaining admittance to any Indian home. Such a state of affairs, considering the past friendly feeling, is infinitely to be regretted."

Mr. Andrews spoke on the social, rather than political side. Underneath all the political agitation, he said, a tremendous social reform is going on in India—Brahmins working side by side with Pariahs, young students of wealthy families giving up brilliant careers to go off to teach in some humble agricultural village. As for the women, their advance in the last few years has been simply tremendous.

After the meeting I said, "Mr. Andrews, you tell us all this, and I go back to America and repeat it to our people. And they say, 'Yes, Mr. Andrews tells us this, and Miss Mayo tells us something quite different.' They find these contradictory reports very confusing. And what can one say?"

"You can say"—for once his kindly face took on an unaccustomed sternness—"that Mr. Andrews has lived for twenty-nine years with the people of India, living their life and sharing their fortunes—in the villages, where as Miss Mayo herself says, the real life of India is—not in the cesspools that are the same in all cities. Miss Mayo stayed four months in India, in luxurious British hotels entertained by British officials. Sensible people can take their choice—which to believe."

For my own part, I should like to ask how many Americans shuddering over Miss Mayo's current sentimentalities, know that more girls are sold into white slavery in the East from the ports of New York and San Francisco, than from all the other ports in the world? Before we shed too many tears over Indian morals, it may be a salutary experience to read the report of the International White Slavery Commission for the Far East. It is a terrible thing that one utterly careless American writer can with a few smart strokes of her pen

give such a false picture of a great and complex nation, jeopardize a friendship of long generations, and stir up bitterness that it may take many other generations to assuage.

July Third

I went to see Sir Oliver Lodge at his flat in Westminster. It is eight years since our last talk together, in Boston. He has changed remarkably little. The same big, genial wise man. One thinks of the delightful name of Lao-tsze—"*The Old-Young One.*" From year to year I hear all the semi-patronizing, semi-disdainful allusions to Sir Oliver, and yet each time I see him, I am more deeply impressed with him as a great man of science, a conscientious and careful inquirer, with a scorn of credulity and amateurishness, a profound respect for accuracy, and for impersonal and impartial judgment.

We talked of the practical results of psychical research during his fifty years of pioneer experience. Sir Oliver of course feels that the greatest practical accomplishment has been the proofs of personal survival.

"How many members of the Society share your convictions?"

"Do you mean," he asked, smiling, "how many *actually* share them, or how many would come out and put their names to it—for that's quite another matter?"

He himself seems serenely indifferent to criticism or derision. People of real assurance—whether social or spiritual—usually are. I asked about Eva C., the medium who has interested me most of any—and who, according to the Encyclopædia Britannica, has never been detected in any sort of fraud. (If you want to spend an exciting evening, get Dr. von Schrenck-Notzings' "Phenomena of Materialisation" and read his report on Eva.)

Sir Oliver says that she still holds her enviable record. He thinks "Margery" in America a still more remarkable medium, and says that the Australian biologist, Tillyard, who went to America a complete skeptic, was convinced by Margery in spite of himself; and is writing an article about her in the scientific magazine "Nature."

We talked of the work of the Frenchmen. "You must see Richet and Ostey in Paris," said Sir Oliver, "and René Sudre. There is good work being done at the Institut Metapsychique."

So is there in England. Each time I come in contact with the British and European Societies for Psychical Research, I am more impressed with the quality of the men and of the work.

The first time I visited the British Society, they had just received the remarkable pictures of their first experiments with Eva C. I remember the fine calm and detachment of the secretary and of the others. "Yes, it is very interesting—yes, it does look as though the phenomena are genuine. But of course, we must make further tests. We can't take these few pictures as final."

All the difference between the scientific and the spiritualistic attitude—the impartial and the partizan. It is this that has constituted the great value of the work of these men and women as contrasted with the usual eager spiritualistic "circle." The British Society for Psychi-

cal Research has made a great contribution to mankind. In another fifty years we shall perhaps begin to appreciate how great.

Tea with Louise Jordan Miln, who writes those colorful Chinese novels. She, like Sir Oliver, has been for many years interested in spiritualism, but unlike him, she is not "convinced"—though still perfectly open to conviction. She told me she had gone for months to one of the famous mediums in America, and had been considerably impressed with some of this woman's achievements. They became good friends.

Just before Mrs. Miln left the city where this medium lives, she said to her, "Look here, I'm going away. I shan't be back here for years—perhaps never. You know I'm your friend, I wouldn't hurt your business for the world. Tell me—is there anything in all this? Do the spirits really come?"

The woman gave her a long and equally frank look. "I don't know. I can't tell you. Most people tell me everything about themselves before they've been in here five minutes. But there are times when—certainly there's *something*. But I don't know what it is!"

This seemed to me as interesting as any "proofs" I had ever heard.

July Fourth

Spent the morning with Mrs. Besant. She is staying at Westside House, Lady De La Warr's, at Wimbledon. Every one in the train was going to the tennis finals, and obviously thought me quite mad to be getting off at a farther station. Yet I am sure I was the most excited person in the train, and had the most entertaining morning.

Westside House is a lovely English mansion, with wide lawns and glowing gardens, spreading away into green fields. The last time I went to find "A. B.," was up the grubby stairs of her newspaper office—"New India"—in the middle of the bazaar, in Madras. Now she came to meet me down the stairway of this gracious English house—looking quite delightful in her soft white silk robes, with her beautiful white hair, and her expressive vital hands outstretched in welcome.

"Where will you sit?—oh, it doesn't matter about *me!*" She scorned the cushions, and took a straight-backed desk-chair. We talked. India, Ojai, Theosophy, feminism, new civilizations, old human nature.

Ripe wisdom, sweetness, humor—and that strange, strong peace of those who have come *without bitterness* out of great tribulation and have reached that high ground where they can never be hurt or hurt any one again. Doesn't the strength of the really strong lie in the fact that they require nothing, and are ready to give everything—*are* giving all that they have?

She told me of a gracious thing she meant to do for a friend of ours. Some years ago, an attempt was made to discredit this man—one of her representatives in a far country, who was eleven thousand miles from her at the time. Hundreds of letters were written her, denouncing him and requesting his removal.

During all this—I happen to know—he wrote to her one letter: "Dear Mother—I shall be very glad

to answer any questions you may want to ask me about this unhappy business."

She replied: "My dear son—you are my trusted friend. There is nothing I want to ask."

On another occasion, a man whom she had educated and befriended, and who owed all that he was and had to her, spoke and wrote of her most shamefully. Every one who loved her was up in arms. All that she has ever been known to say on the subject, was: "He is working things out in his own way. We must all stand by him."

No one can be as great as that, and be small in anything. We were speaking of a slighting article written in an American magazine by a man who had made much money out of her visit to our country. I was properly indignant. All she said was—thoughtfully—"It seems odd he should have written that. He was quite charming to me all the time we were together."

Do you think it really matters what philosophy develops a character like that? Doesn't such a character make one want to investigate the philosophy that produced it, with a new respect?

And one day she will be gone, and our obituary editors will get out their scrap-books and adjectives; and tardily we shall be told that we had among us one of the great statesmen; —one of the finest minds, and one of the noblest humanitarians. And what is rarer still, perhaps, and more precious: a very great lady.

July Fifth

Anglo-American Peace Meeting, to urge action on the Kellogg proposals. Hall packed—all nations, types, parties. Mongols and Javanese, as well as Lancashiremen and New Yorkers. Evening dress, and red ties. Behind me sat some Russians, a Singhalese, and two buyers from Chicago. And the man I had just decided on as the most "typically British" of the entire assembly, turned out to be the President of the American Chamber of Commerce!

It was rather tremendous—all of us from every corner of the world, and every sort and grade of life, all there *and united* together. I remember riding home on an army-truck through the mud of gashed French roads, on Armistice Day, and wondering if there could ever be anything that would unite men in peace, as fear and indignation had united them in war.

Here it was. The passion for peace, itself—the universal loathing and terror of war. And you had this amazing collection of people and interests coming together: Colonel Buchan (Conservative M. P.); Mr. Clynes—Labor; Francis Powell—the aforesaid Chamber of Commerce President; Henry Wickham Steed, editor of the British "Review of Reviews," and Mrs. Besant. These were the speakers, with Lord Parmoor in the chair.

The key-note on which he opened the meeting might, it seemed to me, be usefully introduced into many meetings and many situations in life: "Where a principle is unquestionably right, to insist upon settling details before accepting the principle, is a piece of destructive criticism." All the speakers urged immediate acceptance of the Kellogg

proposals "without reservation or complication."

Mr. Powell gave a good description for the British of the different sections of America, their naturally very different interests, and the growth of public opinion to the point where the Kellogg proposals were possible. He rather spoiled an otherwise good talk by an unfortunate reference to "the Pacific slope, which protects the rest of the country from the oncoming hordes of Asia!" As one side of the hall was at that moment lined with those hordes—silently studying this meeting for World Peace, at which they and three fourths of the world's population have no place and no recognition—one could not help wondering what they were thinking! Incidentally, all through this meeting, I was struck with how very *passé* the "stand-pat" note has come to sound. As some one recently wrote, "the person seeking the selfish interests of one man or one group, to-day, is an anachronism."

Buchan, Clynes and Mrs. Besant all gave fine talks—Buchan pointing out that Peace is going to be no passive *dolce far niente*, but an adventure as strenuous and almost as difficult as war. Wickham Steed said that he had discussed this whole matter with President Coolidge last year, for three hours and a half. I longed to say that in that case, he had extracted more conversation from that gentleman than any visitor in history!

Applause was generous, enthusiasm waxed high, resolutions were passed urging the British Parliament to accept the Kellogg proposals without reservation and without delay—and Colonel Buchan and Mr. Clynes hurried back to the House to lend their voices to the discussion at that moment going on.

As the meeting broke up, and the great crowd poured out into Westminster, toward the lighted Houses of Parliament, Yorkshire rubbing shoulders with Kansas, Philadelphia linking arms with Liverpool, it was interesting to remember that it was July 5, 1928—scarcely one hundred and fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence—that the two once hostile nations came together in this great confession of interdependence, and to sign a pact with all the world for peace!

July Sixth

Went to see Lord Haldane, at his house in Queen Anne's Gate. A deep rich mind, and delightful personality. His great subject, of course, is "relativity"—and Einstein is reported to have said that Haldane was the one man in England who really knew what *he* was talking about!

Lord Haldane is interested in relativity in its wider and more philosophical meaning. He states his position somewhat in this fashion: "What has Einstein taught us? He has taught us that space and time are not fixed things apart from the mind. He says that what we mean by space and time is really relations in which things stand to us living here as particular existences on an earth which is moving through space at eighteen miles a second. If we are quite still, things will seem quite different from what they are when we are moving with a huge velocity.

"Einstein says that space and time, when you work that out, turn out to be nothing more than relations

established between the mind and the things that it observes, and the relations vary according as the observant mind is still or moving. If I look out of the window and continue to observe, I see the sun moving across the heavens, and apparently going round the earth; and that is what people believed to happen, for thousands of years. We know now that the earth goes round the sun, and that it was only the relativity of our position that made us fancy we were at rest and that the sun had a circular motion round us.

"This conventional view brings about relativity. Now reflect on the truth that applies to a great many other things besides the motion of the sun. It applies to our ideas on the great subjects of God, freedom, and immortality. If the point of view that I have been putting is true, then we should rather think of the passing away of the world than of the passing away of our own minds. If space and time are relations belonging to the world which the mind has created, then the mind itself they cannot affect. I do not say we can conceive a mind after death carrying on the sort of everyday existence which is carried on in this world. But I think the power of mind transcends time and space, and I regard death as an event which happens to the body, an event over which we triumph, and through which we feel ourselves at one with God."

July Seventh

Went to see Dr. Harold Laski, Professor of Political Science at the London School of Economics. This, as you probably know, is a rather remarkable institution. The professors believe in teaching the students to think! This is done by turning them loose among the best brains of many different parties and points of view.

At ten o'clock the student hears a lecture by a brilliant Conservative. At eleven, he hears the Conservative exploded by a member of the Labor Party. At twelve, he hears them both riddled by a Liberal.

"But isn't this very confusing to the youthful mind?"

"It doesn't work out that way," said Laski. "Almost no young man leaves this School without a very clear-cut and definite philosophy of his own, and a practical plan for carrying it out. Furthermore, he has developed a definite and vivid interest in the politics and affairs of his country. Politics with us in England is a vital thing that concerns every individual —not something low and apart, to be parceled out to a set of clever ruffians who don't mind getting into the muck. There are in the London School of Economics, seven hundred Conservatives, one thousand Labor men, and five hundred Liberals. During elections they take an active part, working with their respective parties. Public questions are debated—and this training sends the students out into the world feeling that government and the affairs of their country are most tremendously their concern. They never lose that feeling."

Under the English tutorial system, the student meets once or twice a week with his tutor and two or three other boys, in a more intimate group than the public lectures. The tutor gives essays, launches discussions. The student makes statements.

"Why do you say that?" "Professor So-and-so said it." "Yes—well what do *you* think?" (Certainly that is one question I never was asked during my whole four years at college!) Here the student is challenged, probed, drawn out—*educated!* Not the young assistants, but the best professors and biggest men are kept for this—as the British feel—most important work.

Dr. Laski taught at Harvard for three years, and has things to say about the difference in the lot of a professor, too; he also worked with President Wilson at Washington during the war. His picture of Wilson, by the way, is an interesting one. He saw never a sign of the autocracy, of the overbearing ways so often ascribed to our late President. "He was most delightful and considerate to work with," said Dr. Laski. "More than any American politician I have known, he was like the best type of English and European statesman."

We talked about the future of politics. I have been seeing rather a lot, lately, of psychologists and psychotherapists—including ministers who, like Dr. Fosdick, are finding it more and more necessary to introduce analytical methods into their spiritual confessionals. Their work, while fine, has seemed to me a good deal like the efforts of the doctors in our hospital during the war: patching people up, to send them straight back into the same old firing-line. The same economic, emotional and spiritual *mess*. I asked Laski if he saw any hope of a change in the economic and political situation.

He said, yes—that he foresaw a very decided change, and saw it coming about already. He thinks that government will be by small groups of people with like interests, running their own affairs according to the interests of the group. That formal government will be almost entirely international. Certain things, he said, such as police, control of raw materials and so on, *must* be handled by formal government. But most things are better handled by the groups whose special affairs they are. In England they are being very successful with the advisory boards appointed (in the civil service) to arbitrate between such groups and the government. Lloyd George said these boards could never possibly be made to work. Six weeks later he appointed some of them. They have worked very well indeed. Laski sits on one. They have just had up the case of the typists for the government. The typists were getting fifty-two shillings a week. The board heard their case and gave them seventy-four shillings. Similarly with the decorators of palaces and public buildings. These were getting three hundred pounds. They demanded six hundred and got five hundred and thirty.

This group government of course means organization—but it is natural organization; and if properly instead of unwisely directed, it will prove the best sort of governmental machinery we can get. The professors are organized too. In the London School, they have much more control over the curriculum—which is what they are supposed to know about; and a professor cannot be dismissed for the expression of any opinion—social, political or reli-

gious. If his conduct comes up for criticism, he will be given a fair trial by a jury of his peers. He cannot be arbitrarily dismissed by a despotic president, on the recommendations of a handful of disgruntled alumni whose "interests" are threatened by his plain speech.

This is why, Laski says, men will take one third the salaries offered them in other countries, to stay on in such an institution, for here, as President Wilson so expressively put it, "we are not simply puppets earning a livelihood, but men living a life!"

If there is one thing I have been impressed with this summer, it has been the constant recurrence of that word "International." At Brussels, where I was attending a convention made up of Dutch, Belgians, Russians, Czechs, Spanish, Italians—in the amazing Babel of the convention restaurant, the one word constantly popping up and that everybody could understand was "*internationale—internazionale—internacional—*" In all languages—where every other word is different, that word is the same. Isn't that in itself rather significant?

Down on the Isle of Wight, where I spent a fortnight, there were many Germans—teachers, and professors from various colleges, on their holidays. We used to sit after dinner and have great talks. And no matter where we began—tariff, passports, labor, non-employment, immigration—in two minutes we were back at the same thing: international organization, a United States of Europe—ultimately, of course, of the World.

"*We* shall not see it," one of the Herr Doktors said earnestly, "in our time, no. But soon—yes! It is inevitable. Not because of high ideals or noble principles (we should like to think so!); but because this present way is too confoundedly inconvenient."

I believe it. If for no other reason than the fact that we were there in an English drawing-room, ten years after the war, discussing our common problems.

I am going next month to the preliminary meeting of the Universal Congress of Religions at Geneva—the eleven great religions of the world joining to work for unity and peace. It is an age of conventions and congresses—"getting together." There may be too many of them. Some may be sentimental, some futile. The most important thing is not the formal "causes" for which people officially come; but the friendships that are made, the understanding that is cemented, the feeling of closeness and coöperation, where once suspicion and hostility ruled.

I remember hearing a very fine speaker—the Rev. John Murray—say to one of the great crowds that came to hear him: "I often think, in preparing my talks, that it matters very little what I say here. It is the spirit in which we all come here, that counts."

It is the spirit carried to, and carried back from these international meeting-places, that is the real accomplishment. That spirit will one day make peace on earth and goodwill to men not a temporary emotion or remote ideal, but a sustained and permanent state of consciousness.

Nigh On To Thirty

Looking Back on a Young but Active Life

Henry Morton Robinson

Nigh on to thirty! No chitling precisely, but still so young that if we are a surgeon we have yet to perform our first 'pendectomy; if a lawyer we still quake at the peremptory gavel of a circuit judge. So young indeed that a few thin wisps of illusion persist in trailing behind us as we come. But the adolescent blur is gone, and something like perspective rises out of the fog. Health and good appetite wait upon our pleasures, power cracks its electric whip, and the dark vizor of failure has not yet been drawn over our eyes.

What does Nigh On To Thirty see as he "swings the world a trinket at his wrist"? Now that a cooler gale has tempered the heats of adolescence, what loves remain, what visions persist? What institutions might he wish to qualify, eradicate, cherish? Academic questions? Not at all! If it is important to know what any one thinks—and we go on that assumption in a thousand interviews a day—it is important to know what Nigh On To Thirty thinks of politics, poetry, education and life in America. In another ten years he will be well up on the engineer's box, pushing the rattletrap old planet for all her boilers will carry. And it would be a false humility which prevented him—even in the presence of Well Past Forty and Nearing Sixty—from uttering a Delphian inventory of his affairs in the year 1928.

Nigh On To Thirty has no desire to reform the world on a basis of this inventory, nor does he care to slide into the facile pessimism treading on the heels of early piety. His preoccupation is that of a detached and (he hopes) good-tempered observer. Just so far as a geodetic survey is without social implications, he proposes that these observations be without them. An irrational affection for the United States, plus a wild optimism springing from Celtic ancestry and a Tory blood-pressure, prevent him from attacking or lamenting anything. Isaiah, not Jeremiah, is his prophet; Epicurus, not Schopenhauer, is his philosopher. He cannot imagine himself being permanently happy in any other country than America. Vermont seems to him a lovelier State than Provence; the dory a nobler craft than the gondola. He intensely admires his industrial contemporaries, but is glad he doesn't have to work in their factories. When General Motors jumps twenty points he is delighted, even though he realizes it is not jumping for him; and conversely, when the bears rush in to depress the market he exults to think that he will never get caught holding

the bag. Concerning beauty contests, tabloids, trombone-evangelism and political conventions, he has opinions too; but since these things do not matter anyway, he will speak of them no more.

Nigh On To Thirty painfully remembers the shock of his first collision with the blunt edges of democracy. He was at the time barely out of his seaman's uniform, and his faith in popular assemblies was as new as the suit of civilian clothes that signalized his return to private life. Now whether he had been reading too many of Webster's speeches, or whether life on a destroyer was too hazily idealistic, is not quite clear. At any rate, he had dedicated himself to the Public Service, and was pining for the opportunity to make orations, write platforms, and in the not too distant future, hold office. As he sniffed the sawdust and sorghum of the political arena, a large altruism swelled within him. He would engage in politics not so much for personal gain and glory, as for the cause of the People. Ah, yes, the People! He would define their position, and restate their case in the halls of government. He would be their spokesman, their champion.

Then the People did a surprising thing and lost a perfectly good champion forever.

On September 11, 1920, the Boston Police walked out on strike, leaving a great city to the mercies of a looting, rioting mob. The elements of that mob will never be analyzed; whether it was composed of professional loafers and criminals, or whether a chunk of the proletariat was temporarily shaken loose from its law-fearing foundations, will never be known. But within an hour after the police laid down their badges, the life and property of some half-million persons were threatened by a reign of terror. Hordes of bullying rascals swarmed up from the North and South Ends; flying squadrons of petty thieves pilfered the small shops, assaulted pedestrians and played dice in the middle of Court Street. Tradesmen stood armed before their stores, and platoons of private detectives guarded the banks in the financial district.

Because Nigh On To Thirty loved Boston as the city of his birth, he immediately tendered his services to the Mayor, as a volunteer policeman. He was straightway armed with a revolver, a club, a nickel-plated badge, and was despatched to Scollay Square, the vortex of the rioting tornado. Here he met the People, twenty-thousand of them, milling about in their raw unbolted state, throwing their stinking night-caps in the air, and in brief, acting like all mobs since and before Cæsar. The Volunteer had been directed to keep the trolley-tracks clear; with some faint notion that his orders should be followed, he managed to get one trolley-car through that human puddle; then the tidal wave of mob-rage broke. A cobblestone whizzed out of the crowd and traveled in a lethal arc toward the Volunteer's head. "Scab," they were calling him now. The cobblestone came within six inches of its mark, and was intercepted by the cheek-bone of a hunchback who was flailing the Scab with his great fists. The hunchback slumped to the ground unconscious, and the mob leapt for

vengeance upon the Scab. "Kill the bastard," they cried, stripping him of his coat and shirt. They knocked him down upon the cobbles of his native city, they covered him with their filth of mud and language—a slime that no years can ever wash away. Finally when he was prostrate on the stones and was being kicked to death by his people, he drew his revolver and, in language he'd a little rather not repeat, announced that the next mobster who touched him would die of acute lead-poisoning. The crowd opened like a fan, and the Volunteer stood with his back to a subway kiosk for six mortal hours while his potential constituents hurled abuse and garbage at his head.

The next night—having grown old in wisdom—he stepped discreetly into a narrow doorway and let the mob whirl past him in pursuit of another Volunteer, who had made the fatal mistake of shooting and running away. No bronze plate marks the spot of this second Boston Massacre.

And after forty-eight hours of crashing disillusionment, the Scab heard a wizened little man in the State House utter a belated proclamation about law and order. The State troops were called out, and the Volunteers were permitted to go home without the formality of being thanked, or of having their names recorded as defenders of their city. Needless to say they were never reimbursed. There was only one Hero in that Boston Strike!

In the light of his experiences that week, the Volunteer decided not to write out his great Defense of the People. He felt then as he feels now —that the people would not be interested in anything he might say or do for them. When he sees some honest and dignified candidate catching the cobblestone of defeat flush on the chin, and when he hears the rabble shouting, "Give us Barabbas, give us Barabbas," he knows he does not care what becomes of that rabble, that its path is not his path, and that for better or worse he is not strong enough, earnest enough or concerned enough to see his political ideals pilloried and mangled at the hustings.

Nigh On To Thirty had a great time in college. Two years of iron ships had put him in prize-ring shape, and when the last submarine mine had been swept out of Massachusetts Bay, he was a ravening wolf for ideas and high debate. At the University of Legerdemain he got both. For the first time he heard the syllables of many a beloved name; Shakspere and Chaucer spoke to him, and the ferment of Thoreau's yeast worked through his brain. The spirit of emulation rose within him; the spark of hero-worship that sets young flames roaring skyward found passionate tinder in his heart. He conceived something of an eclectic ideal —a strange mixture of Roosevelt, Pater, Brummell and Thomas a Kempis. He yearned to be all things at once, and the violent expansion of so many incongruous ideals nearly blew him to pieces.

On the football field he imitated the corkscrew plunges of Walter Koppisch, his All-American idol; sartorially he aped the plus-fours and pebbled-grained brogues of a rare young professorling whose dandyism

was expanded to cover all the exigencies of life. From this academic Beau, the Freshman learned to savor Horace and to reverence the six-dollar cravat. And resolving, if industry could make it possible, to be another Keats, the Freshman learned the master's poems word for word. He wrote his first sonnet (oh pathetic, sedulous years) with Keats's works opened at, "*Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art*"—reasoning that few poetry teachers, living or dead, could do better by him than the maker of that sonnet. For a long time he carried Keats in his pocket, made lists of lovely inebriate words, and fingered every jewel in "Lamia," shimmering like a medieval carcanet at the throat of English poetry. Then he chanced upon "Prometheus Unbound"; the mortals departed and the gods took possession. Next, Geothe led him to the edge of the Faustian precipice and showed him the chasm that every man must bridge for himself. That winter he read nothing but Germans, and consequently flunked two important courses in mathematics. And just as everything was clearing up nicely, he was ambushed by Homer and his Greeks. A year of Greek grammar was a cruel apprenticeship, but at last he was rewarded by being able to touch the "Iliad" in the original and march with the Ten Thousand out of the Persian interior. One of his great unfinished tomes of this period is a note-book translation of the "Anabasis."

Then one day he fell into the hale fellowship of Zappa Chi, and within six months was blown further off his course than he ever cared to calculate. Exactly how it happened, he never knew, but the blandishments of one Homomagnus Phipps, a plausible upper-classman and the great man of the campus, somehow diverted him from the monastic footpath, and led him only half unwillingly out upon the broad highway of undergraduate racketeering. Bridge, bull-leagues and fraternity politics bleared his vision with febrile shadows; under Phipps's influence his day became a restless scrimmage, a succession of caucuses, conferences, plots, rallies and organized cheers. In a welter of social and political activity he lost the last shreds of leisure and individuality to which he had so pitifully clung. He knew it was better for him to have his own reading-lamp in a closet-like dormitory room, but when Phipps flatteringly suggested "that he could do a lot for the brothers" and "raise the tone of the house by his scholarship" he surrendered the privacy of his quiet cell and went to live with his brethren in the halls of Zappa Chi. Here he held dress-shirts, razors, raccoon coats and nine tenths of his ideas with the other eighteen men who lived in the menagerie. Regretfully, he laid aside his vague intimations of immortality and began to think in terms of "the House." He no longer pondered the five glorious mysteries; the big problem of the sophomore year was, "Shall we get a new piano or redecorate the foyer? Gamma Phig's done both. If we want to keep on attracting the better type of man, we've got to do the front hall over in blue and gold."

And so the Sophomore's head began to simmer with projects of costly bric-a-brac that neither he nor

his fraternal playmates could afford. He put his violin in hock, that he might lay on correct raiment for the mid-winter dance. He sold his four volumes of Jowett's "Plato" to a second-hand dealer to pay the extra spring assessment of Zappa Chi. Then he lost his way altogether. Of solitude, of pleasant afternoons spent in refreshing meditation, of quiet evenings given over to friendly intercourse, he knew nothing. Peace, intellectual preoccupation and the leisurely examination of conscience were held to be monastic attributes, unworthy of undergraduate attention. In a bootless fury he stoked the boilers of his college life; for brains he substituted footwork, and the wear and tear of college came not on his intellect, but on his rubber heels. For a year he enjoyed as much privacy as a bus-boy in a cafeteria. Only in rare moments of compunction and sanity did he retire to the mellow serenity of the library bookstacks for a momentary reshaping of his course.

At such times he saw about him the hundred staple types generated by all universities. Troglodytes, dilettantes, hat-racks, grubmen, heelers, hand-shakers, solipsists and gentlemen drunks—they were all present. He observed however, that they fell into two major divisions—men of his own age who had seen military service and were prime for the experiences of living and learning; and a pimply, fledglingesque kind of creature still wet behind the ears, whose milk-teeth were wholly incapable of chewing the solid food of college. And from this contrast of types, a thesis was evolved: *No man under twenty years of age, no matter how studious or well-disposed, is ready to enter college.* In the classroom and fraternity hall the sixteen year old bleater pules like a spindle-shanked foal. None of us were especially well-seasoned, but these pubescent marvels were like green plums in sourest April. Two years before the mast, behind a counter or astride a steam-drill would toughen their muscles, stiffen their necks, and give them a relish for the ambrosial dishes set before them in college.

Which brings Nigh On To Thirty to the only conclusion he can form on the subject of American colleges. Despite the tons of literature written about the theoretical function of the A.B. course, it actually has but one function. It is a game-preserve, or if you will, a kind of incubator which undertakes to shield and warm the embryonic man until he develops an integumental covering stiff enough to protect himself. No one in college is deluded about this. The students know it, the trustees, deans and instructors know it. Gravely, they go through the motions of being serious and constructive about it all. Curriculums are plotted, fodder prepared, grades and scholarships ostentatiously awarded. But this is merely the mechanics of the business. In their hearts, college administrators know that society has made a compact with them. "Tend the sheep while they graze," says society. "Keep them busy gamboling to the tabor's sound. Shunt them casually into the public meadow of the good, the true and the beautiful (no one else is using the land, anyway)—and perhaps a blade or two of the lush herbage may nourish their woolly

tenderness. In other words, get them ready for the market."

Still, to a young man with a lode of sentimental asceticism running athwart his days, the life of an instructor offered a green-shaded refuge not to be found in the humid quarries of merchandizing or law. He knew several instructors who sat contentedly in their cool cubicles, surrounded by reproductions of Monet and Sisley, ate their frugal dinners with dandiacal elegance, and made a rather fine life of it. So after a year of soaking in M.A. brine, Nigh On To Thirty emerged as an instructor in English. He had been well-pickled in a strong History of Literature solution, and consequently knew just what Ruskin and J. S. Mill thought about everything that Ruskin and J. S. Mill *had* thought about. Which, between them, was everything. At first the young instructor was harrowed by his responsibility as a molder of youth. He remembers his priggery in recommending Royce for morals, Addison for style, and touch-football for stubborn skin diseases. He made out reading-lists for his students, heard their confessions during long walks, had them in to tea and out to dinner. Oh, it was a variously pleasant year. But the privilege of talking all day about Coleridge and Dante (and getting paid for it) was too excruciatingly joyous to last. The thrill of getting dressed up for a lecture on Byron (at Legerdemain we tried to harmonize costumes and subject matter; Byron was done with a shampoo and roll collar) began to pall when the young instructor realized that he was exhibiting at the rate of six dollars a day, the inner membranes of his soul for the benefit of some pre-medical and journalism students who considered Spenser a damp smack and P. B. Shelley an International Playboy. So after burning for a whole year on the altar of hopeless enthusiasm, the instructor began to dilute his emotional histrionics with frequent quizzes, class-room discussions and other well known substitutes for creative interpretation.

During the tutorial conferences he had with his students, he found himself discussing neither literature nor philosophy, but rather, the economic problems that were strangling his students to death. Seventy per cent of them were working their way through school, which meant that seventy per cent of them were unable to devote a third of the minimum time to the realities of college life. When a chap totes cafeteria trays three hours a day for his meals, and takes charge of a boy's club every afternoon for ten dollars a week, he is not likely to bring a shiny new edge of originality to his paper on Wordsworth's "Prelude," Bks. I, II and III. The instructor tried to interest prominent alumni in the budgetary problems of underclassmen who were suffering from the baneful effects of a strictly hash-house diet, or who were teetering on the verge of pneumonia after a month of taxi-chauffering in cotton underwear. Obviously the instructor could not buy woolens for every collegiate taxi-driver, or subsidize all pale youths who ate their cheap and nasty food in Greek crulleries along Amsterdam Avenue. He was aware that something was wrong somewhere,

and suspected that the economics of higher learning needed a thorough overhauling. Finally, in talking with the Dean about the case of an acne-faced sophomore who had robbed his room-mate of some forty dollars, the instructor dared ask:

"Why was he ever admitted to college? Who let him in, anyway? What did he bring us but an underfed body, and a quarter-baked notion that he wanted to enter the overcrowded halls of medicine, a profession for which he was economically and physically unfitted; yet he was only a trifle lower grade than most of his brethren—say, what are half of these fellows doing here anyway, Mr. Dean?"

The Dean mumbled something about opportunity, democracy and other kindred verbifuge. Politeness kept the instructor from suggesting that a college education, of all mortal processes, is the most aristocratic and individualistic. Traditionally and really, all men are not born to the sheepskin. Simple experience should have blasted the democratic fallacy off the American campus long ages ago.

"Witness the flunkees of the entering class each year; a good forty per cent isn't it, Mr. Dean? We have to disqualify that many in sheer self-defense—we'd be stampeded otherwise—but if we put the screws on as hard as we could, another forty per cent would be squeezed out too. Then we could begin to talk about educational standards, and incidentally could keep our own self-respect. Look at these C minuses I've been giving my students. Two thirds of them should have been straight zeros. But I'm playing the game, Mr. Dean; oh, yes, I'm playing the little game of 'Be Kind to Mediocrity.' If I flunked every one, we'd both be out of jobs, and a college-full of academic equipment would be lying idle."

"Well, what's the answer?" asked the Dean, less than half good-naturedly.

"In four words, Fewer and Better Students."

The Dean shook his head. "I'm sorry," he began, more in sorrow than in rebuke. "I thought you had the makings of a sensible sheep-tender. Perhaps you will when you get older. But right now, you don't seem to understand just what we're trying to do here at Legerdemain."

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A pathological flair for editing has always kept Nigh On To Thirty in water several degrees above the boiling-point. Of the daily prints, the trade-journals and collegiate periodicals he has been immersed in, he says nothing, but hurries on to the last and most morbid of his editorial lapses—"Extemporary Verse," a magazine of poetry. For almost a year he *was* "Extemporary Verse," which means that in addition to reading a thousand manuscripts a week, he solicited advertisements, donations and subscriptions; read proof, pasted up dummies, wrangled with boss printers, and once a month addressed and mailed twelve hundred copies of the magazine. Unlike Harriet Monroe, he could not get himself endowed or even encouraged, and so the monthly deficit had to be paid out of the huge profits accruing to him as instructor in English. Within six months he had read twenty-five thousand poems, lost

fifteen pounds, five hundred dollars —and naturally—all respect for American poets and poetry.

From eight in the morning till two the next morning—usually eighteen hours a day—he was never free from the combined duties of editor and instructor. Classes in the morning, lunch in his room as he read manuscripts, then an hour of hasty preparation for the morrow's lectures. From two till five he dictated letters to contributors, subscribers, rejectees, printers, advertisers—in fact, to every one connected with affairs of poetry. At five o'clock, no matter how these affairs stood—he got into his spiked or cleated shoes, and played football or baseball according to the season of the year. This feature of the daily program would now most certainly be omitted, but he fancied at the time that it was keeping him in shape. (Didn't Roosevelt swim the Potomac every day before breakfast?) A shower and dinner, the pleasantest part of the day, brought him to eight o'clock. From eight till ten he tried to write his own poems, study, or read a book-length manuscript from the publishing house that employed him as reader. Sometimes he varied the evening by taking a whirl at the movies, or lecturing to ladies' clubs on the Secret of Poesy. This lecture was a wow and could be heard for as little as fifteen dollars—which weekly sum he promptly handed over to a part-time secretary for taking the afternoon letters. But no matter where the evening had been spent, and sometimes it was spent in none of the ways mentioned, he unfailingly sat down at midnight to cull the day's shipment of verse. Once he let three evenings slip past without opening a single envelop. During the rest of his editorship he could never catch up with the procession, and was forever afterward some five hundred manuscripts below par.

Of every one hundred poems, ninety-eight would be utterly valueless—not worth the rejection slip that accompanied them back to the author. Three poems in a hundred were conceivably deserving of a letter of encouragement; actually, the editor wrote to any one who showed even the slightest gleam of poetical intelligence. His job, as he viewed it, was to unearth new poets; he dug and sifted mightily, for he was determined not to let a single manuscript go unassayed. But he rose from many a night's sifting without having discovered a single bubble of poetic yeast in the sterile batch of language on his desk. He was forced, however, to average one per cent acceptances on all contributions, else there could be no magazine.

Who wrote these thousand poems a week? What were their excellencies and defects? What rôles did they play in the lives of the obscure fumblers who wrote them? The answers to these questions are the most humbling revelations the editor ever made; to this day he cannot forget the brutal blows of these first auricular confessions. The vast unpublished bulk of American verse contains the material of countless sagas, the covert yearnings of ten thousand mute inglorious housewives, the rudest expression of man's perennial dreams. Powerfully banal and tritely tragic, these poems are the broken utterances of a submerged, inarticulate race.

The great majority of the poems were written by married women over thirty-five years of age, living in small towns and villages of the South and Middle West. Apparently New-Englanders write few poems and the Westerners have their own magazines. These verses were easily divisible into three classes, and of these the Unrequited Love theme was most frequently invoked. Running sixty to the hundred, the burden of this lay was: "When I behold a buttercup, or see a cowslip sway, I think of you and wonder, Love, just why you went away." This form in its many variations is usually cast in quatrains, often in a hand-adzed sonnet. But in any form it is the universal "best-writer," and brings the solace of art to many a blighted life.

Next in frequency comes the Cosmic Question poem, to which male poets are mightily addicted. In a bushel of manuscript there will be three pecks of cosmic question verse. The formula runs something like this: "The poet, standing beside a booming (foam-capped, wintry, storm-tossed) sea, studded with millions (or if the poet's mind is unusually active, billions) of stars, hears the chill north wind, strident as a lone gull's cry, presage the breaking storm." Why? What? Whence? and Whither? are the questions fired at the heavens in this octave. Of course no answer is forthcoming: the sonnet would be ruined if it were; so we plunge at once into a somberly pessimistic sestet in which some perfectly unoriginal ideas about Life, Death and Immortality jostle for a good ending. Answered or unanswered, the Cosmic Question poem claims many a foot-pound of editorial energy, and in the end gets no one anywhere.

A scattering ten per cent of poems come wrapped around the following themes. One: I sought for Beauty in the field and wood. Two: the little boy I used to be. Three: sleep, sleep, lullaby baby, breast, nest, glowing west, and so on. Beauty, lost innocence, and the peaceful sleep of infancy seem to be potent stimulants of the poetic imagination, chiefly because they are usually inaccessible to the kind of person who writes about them.

The Editor explained, to himself at least, that the modern phenomenon of universal poetry-writing, together with the machinery of poetry magazines, poetry societies, and paid publication of anemic volumes, were all by-products of the woman's movement. Poetry used to be written about women; now it is written for and by women. Granted that one can do it at all, one needs only a surplus of sentimentalized emotion, and a rhyming dictionary to set up as a lady poet. Thousands of them clog the lyric highways, outnumbering the male jongleurs twenty to one; and even a cursory examination of any current magazine or anthology will prove that American poetry is in an advanced stage of effeminization. The sugary metamorphosis of the very dew of heaven goes on apace; we wriggle and cry out as the syrup descends upon us in torrents. But in vain. We are a lady-ridden race of dapple-grays due for a good lacing yet awhile. Sometime a Petruchio-critic may arise among us and do a bit of shrew-baiting—but that is merely a distant hope. For the present, one might as logically expect

sumac-leaves to play Beethoven sonatas. And when Thomas Hardy died, the visible supply of anthracite poetry dwindled to almost nothing at all, and the winter of our discontent seemed very cold indeed.

The summer of his twenty-eighth year saw the beginning of the happiest interlude in the Editor-Instructor's life—an interlude that is not yet ended, and which by careful husbanding and a little good luck, may joyfully go on forever.

At the end of the school year, Nigh On To Thirty had almost twenty-five dollars, and a great weariness of the allied industries of editing and teaching. His own poetry—the thing he (theoretically) cared most for in life was evaporating under the forced draught of his existence. He was as completely and hopelessly bogged as any of his faculty colleagues. The daily stint of reading a hundredweight of manuscript was giving him critical ophthalmia. Sincerity in the class-room, interest in a too-heavy schedule of lectures, zest for the midnight revelations of freshmen, seemed no longer possible. Resolving not to teach in summer school (as financial expediency dictated) he turned renegade and fled to an isolated, rent-free mountaintop overlooking a northern spur of the Hudson. Here amid a thicket of birches he pitched a second-hand tent and set up his fireplace of fieldstone. Some mountain deity guided him aright, for the tent did not blow down, and the fireplace still serves him.

He had long believed that no one could starve to death in America, and suffered no pain in putting his conviction to the test. Some rye bread, corn-meal and coffee, added to the perch he pulled out of the lake, kept him full fed for the first week. He split twenty cords of maple for a farmer and got more cash, butter, milk and eggs than he knew what to do with. He sold a sonnet to THE CENTURY and lived for fourteen days on the proceeds. If he could have sold the long narrative he had just finished, he would have been independent for life.

Living alone amid his thicket of birches, freed for a time of desire and ambition, Nigh On To Thirty forgot that he had no money, that he was condemned to tread an endless belt of academic routine. He even forgot he was a poetry editor. He read nothing, talked to no one, swam much, and wrote three of the best poems he will ever write. The uninterrupted calm of his birch thicket fell like a leafy unguent on his rasped nerves. Leisure, that unpurchasable water of life, ran past his ragged tent; he lay beside the stream, listening to its amber purl of idleness. And, having nothing to do, for the first time in his life he began to think.

He thought of the University, the huge business of Culture, Inc., to which he would return in the fall. He thought of the miserable wage he would get for the privilege of haranguing a regiment of pre-law students, commuters, unbelievers all. He saw himself once more in the squirrel-cage of the class-room; he heard again the academic inanities of his colleagues. Around his neck he felt the millstone of a third-rate poetry magazine.

He thought of the warm stars that had been the guides of his first youth. They were no longer in his firmament; nothing of that earlier sky remained. Where was that new Scholar-Poet of the first magnitude who by this time should be rising in the East? Where indeed, but buried in a little wrinkle of a university, his work not even begun, hesitating and listening for little voices to tell him what to do—that the foyers must be painted in green and gold, that he must first get his Ph.D., and that he must print poems that would please ladies' clubs in Wigbo, Arkansas, and Nimmish, Tennessee.

Then one day the strange and beautiful idea of living life for its own sake, of doing only the things one likes to do, and of shunning the needless complexity of organized relations, floated in through his open tent-flap, and hovered like a fresh dream above his head. What had he been doing for nearly thirty years? Why had he deluded himself so long, mixing with the sweetness of youth the barren bitterness of false ideals? Had he lost sight of the pure and tranquil stream of life that wound somewhere beneath the yellowed froth of other people's business? Must he run forever with the panting mob, chasing ephemeral shadows, neglecting the business of eternal life while the numbered days of his youth shriveled and died like flowers beside a dusty road?

He rose and went out into the grove of birches. A little wind ran close to the ground and the triple note of the bobolink fluted up from a corn-field in the valley below. He lay down upon a carpet of wild flowers and looked up at the cloudless sky. He had spoken to no one for a week; his watch had stopped and he had not wound it for days. He closed his eyes and sank down upon the pillowing flowers.

Then the husk of his old life fell away from him. No thunderbolt cut the asters beside him—he heard no voice cry *Tolle lege*, but he knew that he would never again be a college instructor or an editor of poetry—that he would never again read a manuscript he did not want to read.

He knew that he was through with universities and women's clubs, with deans, sophomores, office-seekers, back-alley rooms and other people's affairs. He would mind his own business, write his own poems, think his own poor thoughts. He would live his own life, as simply, as steadily, as honestly as he could. He was too young to let the prison-shades close about him yet. He would wander in the fields a while longer—

When he sat up again the evening was windless and still. The birch-leaves were quiet, the sky was quiet, the earth was quiet.

And for the first time in his life, Nigh On To Thirty was quiet too.

The Tribes That Slumber

Queer Creatures Have Walked the Earth Who Walk No More

John Hodgdon Bradley, Jr.

For more than one hundred million years the earth had enjoyed good health. Fever, chill and convulsion no longer racked her bones as in the days gone by. Life, the offspring of her distempered youth, had somehow survived, and had developed vigorously in the calm that followed. For more than one hundred million years of the Paleozoic era, warm shallow seas, teeming with simple animals and plants, had flowed and ebbed over the low continents. Bare lands had been clothed and peopled; the maturing earth had smiled as she moved through space. But nothing can last forever. Slowly the ills of the past crept back. Mountains, the wrinkles of suffering, changed the smile into a frown. Fever made deserts of gardens, and chill brought glaciers into tropical seas. Whole tribes of living creatures, softened through æons of easy existence, returned to the dust. They will never rise again, for the moving finger, having writ, moves on.

Death is the penalty for life. From mole to man, all who live must pay. Rocks are the graveyards of the past, and the student of fossil shells and bones sees the grim phenomenon in every guise. He sees not only individuals but entire races cut down by the Reaper's blade. Queer creatures have walked the earth who walk no more. Like men who give a part of themselves to their children, some extinct animals acquire a modicum of immortality in living descendants. But many others are hopelessly dead. Like men who leave no children, they have left no offspring species. Their blood has dried forever. What were the causes that brought them to their doom?

Such changes in climate as those that came with the close of the Paleozoic era must be one cause of the blotting out of races. Cold alone has repeatedly taken a heavy toll. When glacial climates fell upon the earth, whole orders of backboneless marine animals, grown weak and sluggish under a torrid sun, sank into icy graves. A few of the more active ones found salvation in distant seas, far from the deadly currents off the melting glaciers. On land the story has been the same. With the coming of ice-sheets, many creatures perished, others were driven to more friendly places. At times a species stood by its guns and won. The Siberian mammoth of the last glacial period, almost alone among the tribe of elephants, gave battle to the blasts from the Arctic, while relatives fled to greener pastures in the tropics. Unfortunately for heroism, the Siberian

mammoth is now extinct from other causes.

Desert climates have often shifted the channel of the life stream. Aridity helped the backboned animals to free themselves from the water. The Devonian fishes would never have ventured from their pools if a desert sun had not threatened death by suffocation. Waters soured and dried up, many creatures died, but a few learned to breathe air and were saved. From them came the first amphibians, who walked on legs and breathed through lungs for part of their lives.

With the return of moist conditions the amphibians multiplied. They never lost their love of the water, for they spent their early childhood in it, breathing through gills. This habit was disastrous when the desert came again. Whole tribes of amphibians croaked their version of the swan song. Others escaped and lingered to the present, but they were never conspicuously successful. A few adaptable ones gave rise to the reptiles who breathed air throughout their lives. But even the reptiles were destined to make their offering to the desert, for aridity came once more, reduced the food supply, and starved many sluggards to death. The more resourceful survived and gave rise to the active, warm-blooded birds and mammals. Desert ages, like ice ages, drive the elect over the graves of their less fortunate brethren.

Underlying the hostile climates that bring suffering and death to the flesh, are the periodic convulsions in the rock body of the earth itself. The globe is slowly shrinking, and from time to time, the surface is thrown into wrinkles. With each period of wrinkling, the circulation of air and ocean water is changed. Climates in their turn are changed, and the lives of plants and animals. Streams are quickened so that mud and fresh water are borne far into seas that were clear and salt before. Many animals, such as corals, cannot stand the change. They are poisoned by the mud and choked by the freshened water. Some escape but others die. A few remain and fight it out, only to become dwarfs, travesties of their former selves. And too, on newly made islands, competition grows with the growing hordes and the waning of the food supply. The small stature of Shetland ponies testifies to the rigors of island life. In one place a mountain barrier is raised, closing an area to the rest of the world. Animals increase, foods decrease, and death comes to the weak. In another place a barrier is lowered, allowing a tribe of vigorous foreigners to enter and exterminate the native inhabitants. Near the middle of the reign of the saber-tooth tigers, a land bridge was established between North and South America. Eager for new hunting grounds, the great beasts crossed from the northern to the southern continent. Even in those days, cats liked the taste of a weakling's blood, and the giant sloths of South America soon became extinct. These and many other examples show how intimate is the relationship between the destiny of living creatures and changes in the earth on which they live.

But no change in the environment, however disastrous to individuals,

can fully account for the extermination of whole races. Probably a few members would escape to hand on the flickering spark of life. Death comes ultimately from within. Tribes, like men, may make mistakes and pay for them with their lives. Like men, they may grow old and die a natural death.

From the time when living creatures first began to move in different directions, it was inevitable that some should choose paths that lead quickly to the grave. Over-specialization has ever been the curse of aspiring flesh. Soon after the fishes moved down to the sea from the rivers, they experimented with many body styles. The members of one tribe were small, heavily armored, but unburdened with jaws and limbs. Another race was composed of large individuals, well fortified with bony plates and terrible shears for lacerating the flesh of their victims. They were the only fishes that could ever boast a jointed neck. For a time these bizarre creatures were successful. But they were mistakes and Nature eventually buried them. Conservative races were less ornate but more capable of molding themselves to the demands of a changing environment. They were the stuff that real fish are made of, and their virtues live to-day under the scales of descendants.

Later the roof-headed amphibians had their day. But they also paid the penalty for over-specialization. They were too stupid and too sluggish to meet the great crisis when it came. At a time when the drive of life was toward the land they lingered by the water. In time the desert swallowed their pools, and the roof-headed amphibians died.

Reptiles ruled over land, air and ocean during the Mesozoic era. Among them were the largest and the most rapacious animals that ever roamed over any land. Many were beautifully fitted to their environment and mode of life. But when conditions changed, the proudest representatives of the reptiles were too rigid to meet the new demands. When the swamps were drained and cold weather rolled in at the close of the era, all the dinosaurs gave up the ghost. With them went all the great serpents of the sea and the haughty dragons of the air. Only the simple reptiles were able to carry on to the present.

Mammals, modern protagonists of the life drama, have not come up from the past unscathed. Their history has clung to the pattern established by their predecessors. The tribes that vanished were not those who remained simple and ready for change, but the ambitious ones who built for permanence in an impermanent environment. The archaic titanotheres with their browsing teeth starved when the forest dwindled and there was nothing to eat but grass. The clumsy hoofed amblypods stumbled into extinction when life became synonymous with speed. Like others before them they succumbed when their world became unfriendly. But they would have survived in spite of vicissitudes if the germ of death had not been growing in their bodies.

Degeneration, like over-specialization, usually heralds the passing of a race. A tribe of Paleozoic snails decided to sacrifice respectability for comfort, and took to living as para-

sites on the hard-earned flesh of their neighbors. They dwelt in ease for a long time, but finally met the fate they deserved. For when the crucial moment came they were too weak to make the changes that alone could save their lives. Many races have shown marked physical degeneracy before the coming of death. Several species of dinosaurs lost their teeth and then their lives. The toothless turtles, sturgeons, and birds once possessed an impressive armament of teeth. With the possible exception of the birds, the claws of extinction are closing upon them.

When animals become larger than their ancestors and their relatives they are marked for death. Growth force has repeatedly run amuck in the past. The fable of the frog who tried to puff himself up to the dignity of an ox, only to shatter his bones as well as his ambition, is a fact often repeated in the history of living things. A clam is not a colossus and only dies when he tries to become one. Yet many tribes of Paleozoic shell-fish, finding life inglorious, tried to become giants. But they burned out with the effort. The massive sauropods of the Mesozoic, sixty to eighty feet long and weighing more than thirty tons, were the largest but also the last of their race. Whales, elephants, the hippopotamus, and the gorilla are the largest animals of their kind that ever lived. All are fighting losing battles with death. A living dog is better than a dead lion, but the dogs in Nature's menagerie have seldom learned to appreciate themselves.

A faultless indicator of ebbing vitality in a race is the development of spines. Many lines of simple animals, notably among the brachiopods, cephalopods and trilobites, ended in species highly decorated with spines and pustules. Certain fishes now extinct were living pincushions. One Carboniferous lizard was rigged like a sailing vessel, but he soon disappeared beyond the horizon and was never seen again. A dinosaur of the Mesozoic was a walking citadel of flesh, entirely covered with armor plates and spines. He could sleep through the attack of any foe. But he was a scion of a race that had spent its vital force, and was soon to sleep forever. His bones were his only offspring.

The past has buried its dead, but the tribes that slumber in the bosom of the earth tell a story alive with meaning. For the story they tell is the all embracing, little varying story of life. Not only tribes but also individuals, not only the dead but also the living, all tell the same tale. Every man in his growth from a simple cell, through the gaining complexities of youth and maturity, to the inevitable decline of later years, retells the saga of the flesh. The rise and fall of civilizations is just a larger version of the same monotonous story. Only a few tribes have been able to escape playing their parts in Nature's tragic trilogy of birth, life and extinction. The death that lurks in the offing has failed to claim only a few creatures for his own. Yet these immortals also pay a penalty. They must live in endless mediocrity. Primitive, unstriving, content, they know neither the joy of success nor the pain of failure. But there are few to bear them envy, for a full life is worth the price of death.

Galatea to Pygmalion

Roselle Mercier Montgomery

Pygmalion, you were a daring one—
To wake a woman from the dreaming stone!

It was a male intrusion to evoke
Me from the marble with a chisel stroke.

Alone there in my virgin tenement,
I was serene, untroubled, quite content—

With no possessive one to say, "Do this!"
"Stay here!", "Go there!", or "Come, my love, a kiss!"

I am bewildered now; I find it strange
That hearts of flesh should have so wide a range;

That human life should hold so much of stress,
Of pain, of wonder and of wistfulness.

It is a great adventure to be human—
A greater venture still to be a woman.

In my bewilderment, it comes to me
That there was peace in immobility.

But what has marble that can match the bliss
Of lips, warm lips, beneath a lover's kiss?

And how can peace compare to hot, sweet pain?
What flesh, love-wounded, would be stone again?

It was a gesture of male arrogance
To break my dream, to wake me from my trance. . .

You were a daring and intrusive one—
I bless your chisel, my Pygmalion!

The Great American Delusion

"The Strictest Law Sometimes Becomes the Severest Injustice"

H. Addington Bruce

Of a fine spring morning two gentlemen took a stroll through the winding ways of what was then the seventeenth-century village of Boston. They were gloomily arrayed in black clothing and tall black hats, and they felt as gloomy as they looked. It irked them to hear the laughter of children playing by the roadside, to see the smiles on the faces of lads and lassies less mournfully arrayed than they, the contentment of burly men jesting together as tobacco smoke wreathed lazily from their lips. Happiness and pleasure had unmistakably invaded the little settlement on Massachusetts Bay.

The two somber strollers—who needed no label to identify them as Puritan clergymen of the ultra-prohibitory school—were profoundly shocked. Had they braved the perils of the deep to inaugurate in the New World an era of exuberant joy in merely being alive? Were the Mediterranean skies of the New England springtime, the fragrant flowers, the leafing trees, the blue waters and the rolling hills of New England—were these to be permitted to cause God's creatures to forget that they were one and all miserable sinners?

Out of such forgetfulness, their hypersensitive consciences warned the shocked clerics, would soon grow inclinations to diabolical wrongdoing. Well they knew the innate depravity of mankind, their whole schooling had prepared them to look splenetically for the worst. And it had taught them that there was only one way—absolutely only one way—to nip misthinking and misbehavior in the bud and insure rectitude of thought and of behavior. The taller, the leaner, the gloomier-looking of the two ambulant witnesses of demoralizing joy, had no doubt as to the one way of prevention and salvation. His form aquiver, his eyes agleam with the steely glint of fanaticism, he hissed to his companion:

"There ought to be a law against all this."

"You have said it," was the clucking response of the first of America's mighty present-day army of "yes men." "There will be a law against it. There will be a whole bookful of laws against it."

There was. Throughout the period of Puritan autocracy laws accumulated. It became criminal in the eyes of the law to smoke, to wear clothing other than that of a strictly stipulated sort, to ornament one's self even if it were only by the wearing of a

ribbon, to work in one's garden on Sunday, to do much of anything on Sunday except go to church, read the Bible, and sing hymns.

To be sure, as you smilingly remind me, these laws were honored more in the breach than in the observance, and one by one passed to the dust-heap of the outgrown and forgotten. That is true enough. What also is true—and not to be smiled off—is that the Puritan passion for making people good and keeping them good by enacting laws, is still a dominant dogma in the land of the Puritan's successors, the sovereign people of the forty-eight commonwealths constituting the United States.

Not merely is it dominant, but of recent years it has been so violently asserted as to justify Charles Evans Hughes's description of the United States as "the greatest law factory the world has ever known."

It was only four years ago that Mr. Hughes lamented our reliance on laws to secure righteousness, and in the brief subsequent period the law-making tendency has been still more accelerated. The climax was thought to have been reached in 1923, when forty-three States of the Union enacted 15,000 new laws. But last year, in forty-four States, according to figures assembled by the National Industrial Council, some 50,000 bills and resolves of various kinds were introduced into State legislatures, and more than 17,000 of these became law. Add the 1422 laws adopted by the Sixty-Ninth Congress, which fortunately expired by limitation March 4, 1927; add, too, the 1927 crop of from 150,000 to 200,000 new laws and ordinances of cities, towns and counties, and you will appreciate that the ancient Puritan faith in law-making as the cure-all of social difficulties and shortcomings is still regnant.

It is still regnant despite the lamentable truth that as laws have been multiplied lawlessness has increased. So greatly has it increased that, not foreign observers only, but native-born investigators do not hestitate to pronounce the United States of to-day the most lawless of so-called civilized lands. It was not a foreign observer, for example, but a committee of the American Bar Association that lately reported that "the criminal situation in the United States so far as crimes of violence are concerned is worse than in any other civilized country." With an annual average of 12,000 known murders—God alone knows how many other killings pass unrecognized as murder—there is reason for the newspaper paragrapher's cynical jest that the United States is fast becoming the home of homicide.

Against all classes of criminals, slayers, highwaymen, burglars, pickpockets and the rest, the traditional remedy of many laws and harsh laws continues to be applied, but only with the result of swelling the total of executions and the prison population, the occurrence of crime not abating one whit. And lawlessness is far from being confined to those stigmatized as criminals. It is to be found in all social elements, being not unknown even among persons officially intrusted with the making, the administering or the enforcing of laws.

This has become peculiarly true

during the past few years, or since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and the enactment of the Volstead Law designed as an enabling act for the Amendment. No prophet was needed to foretell that this curious reversion to frankly and aggressively Puritanical law-making would be about as popular as were the kindred measures the early autocrats of Massachuestts Bay tried vainly to put into effect. Few were prepared, however, for the amount of lawlessness the Volstead Act has directly engendered.

In large sections of the country it is openly flouted, alcoholic beverages being sold as in the pre-Volstead years, but of a poorer quality and at a much higher price. Even where the Volstead Act is supposedly in favor much alcohol is secretly consumed, the consumers including not a few with a strange proclivity for voting dry and drinking wet. And there has developed an entirely new industry, the industry of providing prohibition liquor for the multitudes who want it, an industry capitalized in the millions, ably organized, and carried on by an army of executives and workers.

Against this army another army, that of the prohibition enforcement agents of the United States, is in ceaseless action—often, alas, in lawless action. In theory, as everybody knows, even persons accused of crime have sundry rights under the law, and certainly they have the moral right to humane treatment by officers of the law. Again and again, if newspaper reports are to be accepted, the legal rights of Volstead Law breakers are ruthlessly invaded, and they themselves treated with despicable brutality.

Only a few days ago I noticed a despatch detailing the shooting of a sixteen-year-old Indiana boy, who failed to get out of bed fast enough to suit a hot-headed member of a prohibition enforcement squad. The boy survived, though an arm had to be amputated, and the agent was promptly exonerated by a superior. The national conscience will not be equally ready to exonerate him. There have been altogether too many shootings by prohibition agents in a hurry, too much black-jacking by prohibition agents intoxicated by an overweening sense of official power.

None but a fanatical prohibitionist can approve of authorized lawlessness such as this, or of the authorized enticing of supposed liquor vendors to commit acts contrary to the Volstead Law. It is perhaps easy enough for the fanatical to suppress any lingering sense they may have of right and justice, and to condone the acts of official thugs with a smug reiteration of the oft-quoted phrase, "I believe in the enforcement of the law." But can any reasonable person imagine that lawless enforcement of the law will do other than intensify lawless resistance to it? More than this, do those who so unctuously voice their belief in law enforcement where the Volstead Act is concerned, exemplify unfailingly the same belief with regard to other laws?

I have known prohibition zealots who noticeably tossed their law enforcement zeal into the discard when they clambered into the driver's seat of a high-powered automobile. Woe betide the unfortunate who crossed their path when the speedometer

started climbing. Which actually is the greater crime—to take a glass of wine or beer contrary to the Volstead Law, or to blot out the life of a little child by illegal speeding? Every year many men go to jail for Volstead Law violations. Uncommonly few are jailed for automobile killings. Yet these average yearly around 23,000, "most of them," I now am quoting George W. Kirchwey, former dean of Columbia University School of Law, "the work of 'good citizens' wilfully violating the law and contemptuous of the rights of their victims."

On the other hand, we have the spectacle of substantial citizens, men of intelligence and character, scrupulously obedient to the laws of the road, but unscrupulously disobedient to the liquor law. Among my own friends and acquaintances are several who were total abstainers before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, but who now delight as keenly in an occasional social glass as any veteran of pre-Volstead freedom. One does not have to ask them their opinion of the Amendment and its enabling act, they volunteer it:

"It is a fool law that should never have been foisted on the country. It is so foolish that it will never be found workable, and the Government is only wasting time and money in trying to enforce it. It will fade out, if only because it is too drastically repressive of personal rights."

Recalling the fate of the similarly repressive laws of the Puritan epoch, one cannot dispute this last statement with any confidence. And if one inclines to venture the suggestion that disrespect for the Volstead Law must tend to breed disrespect for laws in general, one holds one's peace, or ought to hold one's peace, recollecting that the same may with greater force be said of disobedience to automobile laws or any other specific law of more intrinsic merit than the bitterly opposed measure named after Mr. Volstead. Not only those who drive too fast, but those who pride themselves on evading customs-duties after a money-spending orgy abroad, who violate community health laws to suit their own convenience, who conduct their business affairs with scant regard either for statutory laws or for the dictates of common honesty, should in sheer decency refrain from throwing moralistic stones at violators of the Volstead Law.

Years ago, when I was a very young man, I chanced one evening to pass a soap-box orator on a New York sidewalk during a political campaign. I have forgotten whether it was a local, State or national campaign, but some unpopular law must have been an issue. For I well remember one sentiment vehemently affirmed by the orator, "Laws are made to be obeyed only so long as people want to obey them." At the time it struck me that this was an atrocious sentiment, and that it could not possibly be shared by many persons. In the interim I have learned that, in practice, it is shared by a great many; and that, inevitably, when a people are burdened with too many man-made laws, and especially when these include laws weighing too heavily on human nature and conflicting with the instinctive sense of the right and the just, the soap-box orator's philosophy will

be the philosophy of multitudes, with a resultant plague of lawlessness.

I have learned also that lawlessness may spring, not only from a mere multiplicity of sensible and senseless laws, but also from the manner of their administration.

Reference has already been made to the brutality of prohibition enforcement agents as a factor in making for greater lawlessness. Cowardly policemen who delight in clubbing helpless prisoners, venal policemen who expect as well as accept petty bribes for winking at law evasions, they likewise are lawlessness-breeding factors. "Treat 'em rough" may be an accepted adage in police circles, but policemen who live up to it are doltishly short-sighted even to their own interests. It has had for fruit, and so long as it is practised will have for fruit, the vengeful killing of many a policeman and the aggravating of the crime situation in general. Never has brute force accomplished, never can it accomplish, anything but evil, even though it may at times seem to achieve desirable ends.

And what is to be said of those higher officials, district attorneys who browbeat the friendless culprit, and suavely nol. pros. the case of the wrong-doer with politically or financially influential friends? What of hectoring judges who sentence lightly or heavily according to whim or according to the social status of the criminal who stands convicted? Do such district attorneys and judges, do grafting mayors and aldermen, imagine that their maladministration of the law has no reverberating echo in the production of lawlessness? For any officer of the law, any representative of constituted authority, in any way to make a mock of justice is to incite a contempt for all laws, even more surely than for a plain citizen to disregard some law of which, perhaps not without reason, he disapproves.

Often, still further, we hear it alleged that the great reason lawlessness is rampant to-day in the United States is because foreign-born elements bulk large in the population of the United States. The foreign born may be somewhat conspicuous in the lawlessness evinced in crimes of violence, but they cannot be even plausibly indicted with regard to the great scandals of graft and corruption that have shaken the nation the past few years. Those were not foreign born who played an unsavory part in the Teapot Dome conspiracy, and neither were they foreign born who divided the loot in the Continental Trading Company affair. What responsibility have the foreign born for Ku Klux Klan lawlessness and the official lawlessness that ravages Chicago and other cities? Even conceding foreign-born proneness to crimes of violence, it is not susceptible of denial that injustices born of race prejudice have had at least some part in weakening among the foreign born a proper respect for the laws of the land of their adoption.

Not so many years ago some merchants of Greek and Italian origin opened stores in a small New England city. Their prices were attractive, so were their wares, and trade began to drift to them. Other storekeepers, alarmed by the competition, took counsel together.

Somebody remembered that there still were on the statute books various Sunday observance laws, outmoded and forgotten, but unrepealed. Of a Monday morning the district judge found seven or eight Greeks and Italians brought before him for trial. They were accused, it appeared, of selling fruit and soda-water on Sunday, contrary to the law. The judge looked at them, then at the prosecuting attorney.

"I don't see Mr. So-and-so," he remarked, naming one of the little city's leading druggists. "Why isn't he here?"

"Why should he be here?" demanded a startled prosecuting attorney.

"Because I myself saw him selling soda-water yesterday. You can proceed against these men if you wish, but first you must send out and bring in the others too."

Here was a judge who distinctly was not a one hundred per cent American of the Ku Klux sort, but distinctly was an American who put justice above racial likes and dislikes. The same could not be said of the men who had engineered this persecution that failed, or of those who in other parts of the country, whether as officers of the law, plain citizens or skulking sheeted Ku Kluxers, have engineered other persecutions that have not always failed.

Nothing is more surely established than that hatred makes for hatred, lawlessness for lawlessness. So that, quite conceivably, the current menace of foreign-born gunmen who defy constituted authority in our great cities, may have a root in past and present injustices in native-born treatment of the foreign born. Incidentally, it is only fair to add, by no means all the gunmen are of foreign extraction. And in any case, only in some small part can one lay at the door of the foreign born the blame for the steadily rising tide of American lawlessness.

Nor is there the slightest sense in our continuing to try to cope with it by the familiar, but none the less absurd method of calling legislators into regular or special session and enacting still more laws. What we actually need, and sorely need, is fewer and wiser laws, more insight into human nature, and, above all, more conscience and more kindliness.

Too long, generations too long, have we unthinkingly adhered to the Puritan principle of dealing with whatever annoys, offends or dismays, by passing a law against it. The marvel is that we have so long adhered to this delusionary method of reform when the Puritan theologues to whom we owe it had its futility forced upon them. Ponder, if you please, Gustavus Myers's summary of what happened to a semi-Volstead Act of 1647, a Connecticut decree that aimed at exorcising the demon nicotine by permitting citizens only one smoke a day, and that at home and quite in solitude. I quote from "Ye Olden Blue Laws," a book that will bear wide reading to-day, particularly by those who still regard Volstead legislation as symbolic of progress:

"The tradition that the New England settlers were a law-abiding people is one of our cherished inheritances. So they were when the laws suited them. When they disliked

laws they simply evaded, circumvented or defied them. That is what they did by various devices in this case. No laws nor any amount of preaching could convince them that they did wrong in inviting a few boon companions to take part in a smoker. They fastened doors, used cellars for tobacco parties, and did homage to Lady Nicotine in secluded woodland spots or in boats anchored at a safe distance from shore. Within three years this law fell into such disrepute that when the Connecticut Code of Laws of 1650 was drafted, only the sections forbidding youths to use tobacco and prohibiting smoking on the streets were repeated. The first of these had a certain effectiveness, while the other was increasingly dishonored."

How quaintly descriptive this is of what is taking place at the present moment in violation of the national anti-liquor law. What has not yet developed with regard to the latter law, however, is official appreciation of the folly and danger of trying to maintain as law a measure that stigmatizes as criminal something which all men of good sense know is not criminal. To get drunk is one thing, merely to drink is quite another, and laws against drunkenness have always commanded popular assent. Whereas a law that strikes alike at the drunkard and at the man who can drink like a gentleman, necessarily provokes antagonism by outraging common sense, the sense of justice and the sense of fair play. Such a law is, of course, essentially lawless, no matter how enacted or how rigidly it be enforced. The way of wisdom is to find some means of getting rid of it before it irreparably damages the national morale.

The way of wisdom too, is to profit from the lesson the great mistake called the Volstead Act has so grievously brought home, and for the future forego all Puritanic experimentation in remolding human nature by legislative fiat. Not through legislation, but through education is betterment to be achieved. Some statutory laws will doubtless always be needed, it would be idle to think otherwise. But in proportion as effort is honestly and intelligently concentrated—in the home, the school, the church, the newspaper and magazine press, even in the marketplace—on educative action to help men think aright, desire aright, and act aright, both lawlessness and the need for statutory laws will lessen.

That is a terrible dictum of Tacitus, "The more corrupt the State, the more laws." Truly, though, it does not as yet apply to us. While there is no denying the presence of corruption, of a growing corruption, in the national life, it is not corruption that is responsible for our present unenviable distinction of being "the greatest law factory the world has ever known." We have gained that distinction simply through tragically prolonged faith in the efficacy of statutory laws, man-made laws, as the prime agency of social well-being. It is not that we are corrupt, simply that we have been foolish. Only we do need now to awake to the truth that to continue in this delusionary faith can only be to invite worse troubles than those that today torment us.

The Valley of Silence

And He Gave All That He Had, All That Was in Him

Elisabeth Finley-Thomas

The dry snow crumbled under my feet like stale bread. There was no hint of thaw in the blue shadow of the valley between the high mountains darkly etched with the climbing regiments of pines; and the brook frankly garrulous in its intercourse with green banks when I had passed this way in summer, if it moved at all now, must be sleeping songless and clandestine beneath the big bunches of icicles that covered it, clustering like the frozen grapes of a crystal vineyard.

And there were no other sounds. The naïve music in which untemperamental Switzerland finds simple expression, was stilled. Inside the huts, cuddled in the blanketing drifts on the steep hillsides, the cows were no doubt chewing the long cud of winter in the rich dark warmth of their stalls, their bells hanging silent until they could tinkle a welcome to the truculent spring, which would have to fight for every inch of foothold on the mountains.

The last five kilometers on a flat frozen road had tired me more than the hard climb that had preceded them; and anxious to reach Dreibäume by tea-time, I was glad, when at a sudden turn in the highway, my hastened step brought me in sight of the village lying pocketed below, its houses huddled together like a flock of dingy sheep. Above the roof-trees a church-spire raised a white exclamation point, in Calvinistic comment, perhaps, upon the ways of men. A ray of light caught a window flashingly and presently the green shutters of the sienna-tinted chalets gave a note of color to the bleak landscape which encouraged in me the absurdly optimistic hope that the tea at the *Wirtschaft* would be brown and hot instead of dirtily gray and lukewarm; or that, if I chose coffee instead, my cup would not be flavored with the wormwood and gall of chicory. I hurried forward. Far down the road ahead of me, I could see a small black speck moving in the same direction as myself. A solitary figure makes a barren landscape more dreary. Compressed between the towering eternities of granite and snow, humanity looks so impotently infinitesimal and temporary. The figure, as I began to overtake it, revealed itself as that of a woman. I noticed, casually, that she did not carry on her arm the inevitable basket of the Swiss housewives, nor had she the curiously lurching gait that takes them striding stumblingly over stick and stone. About her feet flopped no

encumbering folds of thick woolen petticoats. She was neatly dressed in a straight black coat of moderate length, well worn, but of urban cut; and her boots, though stout, did not suggest the handicraft of the village cobbler, who works for time and eternity. She was hatless and the coil of pale gold hair shone above her coat-collar with a burnish that could only be due to frequent brushing. So much I noticed from the mere habit of observation, but there was nothing in her appearance to excite an interest beyond my passing "*Grü'zi,*" that salutation of uncertain etymology which is obligatory in wayfaring courtesy.

I had come abreast of her and as she turned her head, she answered the greeting with a "*Guten Tag*" in pure German. The accent trailed with a sort of soft indolence in the minor key, quite unlike the clod-hopping gutturals of dialect. It occurred to me that I would ask her if there were no adjacent short cut by which I could beat the maddening reluctance of mountain roads to reach their destination without first going round the world.

"Unfortunately," she answered, "the only path would be sheet-ice at this season, even if the lady could find it. But"—her glance sought mine through her gold-rimmed spectacles with an expression of wistful sociability—"I will gladly show the way since I too go to Dreibäume."

Obviously the gleaming white serpentine lying outlined on the descending slopes needed no sign-post, human or otherwise, but something in her manner silently besought from me the largess of a few moments' comradeship.

"Do you know Dreibäume?" she asked when I had fallen into her rather mincing step. "The English and American *Herrschaften* are usually interested in the church of St. Aloysius. It dates from the fourteenth century. If you cared, perhaps I could get the key."

We were arriving at the first of the chalets that straggled down the hill to join the procession of the houses in the main street. "What queer little carved figures those are over the doorway!" I said by way of continuing the conversation without committing myself to a sight-seeing tour in Dreibäume.

"That's not the only thing that's queer in this part of the world!" She spoke with a sudden tartness that ended with a short bitter laugh. "I've lived here eight years," she added.

A flat sledge was coming slowly toward us, drawn by a bony horse. We had to step out into the deep crusty snow to let it pass. The driver walked by the side to ease the pull on the up grade, and on the coarse sacks at the back, sat a woman holding a baby so wrapped and bundled that it lay stiffly across her arms like a bag of grain.

"*Grü'zi,*" said I. The man looked at us, stolidly cracking his whip; the woman stared blankly; neither replied.

Perhaps I should scarcely have noticed the unwonted lack of civility —one could not reckon with the reactions of besotting solitude on these yokels—if my attention had not been called to it by the sudden flush that suffused the cheeks of my companion.

"The people of the Neckar valley

have better manners," she said. "That is where I was born not far off forty-eight years ago and where I lived forty of them."

"The air of the Neckarthal must keep its women young," I commented not untruthfully, for the trim solidity of her embonpoint had nothing of elderly flaccidity, and I had noted the freshness of her rosy skin, even before that unaccountable blush had heightened her color. She was as appetizing and sound as a piece of ripe fruit.

"I was in Heidelberg this summer," I said casually, quite unprepared for the effect upon her of so simple a statement.

She stopped short and her hand, which was fair and plump, clutched my arm in a grip that reminded me of the *Ancient Mariner*.

"You were there, *there!*" Behind the gold-rimmed glasses the tears welled. "My Neckarthal, my valley," she said. "Then you know, then you can guess what it means to live here! It is magnificent"—she made a gesture toward the dark circle of the wintry mountains—"but it is hard, cold. The beauty of Switzerland is a scentless beauty."

I glanced at her surprised. She had crystallized for me what I had often felt vaguely. The remark had the lucidity of good literature whose province is to interpret common thought uncommonly.

My curiosity bested my tact. "How did you happen to come here?" I asked.

"A home was offered me." This time her blush was like the crimson stain of a birth-mark. "I married!"

Feeling that I had probed too abruptly, I retreated hastily to the safe shelter of commonplace. "I suppose that the nostalgia for the native soil is natural to all of us. It sweeps over me too in my wanderings sometimes."

She looked up. Her gaze seemed to beat against the wall of the mountains and to fall defeated.

"But you are free!" she said. The dull agony of a lifelong sentence was in her tone.

We had reached the village. "This is his house." She stopped before an unusually elaborate chalet. Burned into the wood of the façade, I could decipher a blurred motto:

Herr Gott segne dieses Haus
Und die da gehen ein und aus.

Above it in the angle of the roof, the date 1874, and beneath the family statistics:

Johannes und Katrina Stübli u.
Ihre Kinder
Zimmermeister Johannes Stübli.

"He is a master carpenter and fitted every board of it himself when he married his first wife."

There was an unexpected pride in the voice at my elbow. "The chalet is the finest specimen of a real Simmenthal wooden house in Dreibäume—nothing but wood, shingles and floors all of wood. Visitors often photograph it, and it has been portrayed on colored post-cards. He put in modern improvements in the interior just before I came. We have luxury, a bathroom, the best stoves, electric light. Up there among the fruit-trees on the hill behind us, he built me a summer-house."

Not once had she alluded to her husband except with the use of the pronoun.

"My vegetable garden!"—she pointed to the right—"I take care of it myself and I preserve the fruit for winter when I can get the sugar. In the Neckarthal, compote and sweet pickles taste good with meat and salad."

She had seen me glance at my wrist-watch, and she began to chatter with a sort of desperate garrulity. Several people had passed us as we stood chatting, but in her preoccupation, as I thought it, she had greeted none of them.

"Perhaps"—she opened a small gate that separated, most unusually for Switzerland, the chalet from the highway—"perhaps the lady would care to visit the cottage."

I was tired and thirsty, but there was an hour before the train would take me back to Gstaad, and my predilection for passing the thresholds of other lives, made me assent.

"Nowadays," she said, clambering up the steep outside staircase and looking back over her shoulder at me, with a smile so radiant that I could hardly believe it attributable simply to the pleasure of my visit, "we occupy the top floor only. It's easier to heat and costs less in every way. He's tried to rent the lower stories, but the people here are superstitious—they—" She stopped suddenly. Her face shadowed. "Living in the smaller quarters gives me also less to do," she resumed, "though I don't mind housework or cookery, when I have the right materials. In Heidelberg my *schweinschlögel* and my dumplings were well known. At first when I came here, I tried such dishes for him, but it was no use. Cheese and clotted milk with a hunk of bread were more to his liking. Though at that time he could have afforded the best."

A little breathless she threw open the door at the head of the steps. A neat entry gave into a large sunny room with sloping eaves. At a big round table in the center sat an old man bending over a newspaper. He was coatless and above the coarse woolen collar of his shirt, dark lines of wrinkles made a deep criss-crossed pattern on his neck. A beard yellowish white, hung far down over his chest and his small eyes, as he raised them and took off his glasses, were deeply caverned beneath brows thick as underbrush. He was at least thirty years her senior.

A home was offered me—I remembered the phrase.

He rose at her introduction: "A foreign lady who is interested in seeing your house."

"*Grü'zi,*" he said courteously and then, his voice rasping cumbersomely against his palate as if rusty from lack of use: "A *schönes Hüsli!* The finest in Dreibäume or in the whole Oberland!"

We were standing and she did not ask me to sit down. In her manner there was a strange hurried embarrassment. The large low-ceiled room was comfortably carpeted and a big German porcelain stove accounted for its cosy warmth. Linen curtains embroidered heavily in a cross-stitch design of red and blue hung at the windows. From the book-shelves along the walls, volumes, cheerily bound in red, announced their contents in gold letters: "Don Carlos," "Minna von Barnhelm," "Die Räuber," "Faust," "Goetz von Berlichingen," "Nathan der Weise."

The name of the publishers, Verlag Müllenhausen, Heidelberg beneath the titles, was not needed to tell me that they were importations from the Neckarthal. It was difficult to conceive that Herr Stübli would ever have consorted congenially with Messrs. Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and company.

Frau Stübli intercepted my glance, before I could remark upon her good taste in literature, by somewhat nervously demanding my appreciation of an intricately ugly escritoire fashioned from many colored woods, which stood in one corner.

"His work," she emphasized proudly. The old man hobbled toward us and opening the closed flap of the desk, displayed the elaborate inlays on the inside. As he pulled out one of the tiny drawers, with his left hand, I noted that the fingers on his right were missing and that the stump was as smooth as if it had been planed off by one of his carpenter's tools. With this rounded end, he stroked the grain of the fine woods lovingly explaining to me in his curiously labored dialect, their qualities, degrees of hardness and suitabilities to certain uses with the enthusiasm of a good craftsman. The desk was evidently his chef-d'œuvre, his last too no doubt since the exercise of skill must obviously have been limited by his accident.

"I will accompany the lady to the station. It will give me a little walk," announced Frau Stübli when he had finished his exposition. She seemed as anxious now to cut short my visit as she had been to invite it.

"*Ad-je*," the old man saluted me and dropping heavily into his seat returned to the perusal of the newspaper which I had perceived was two weeks old. At no time had he directly addressed to his wife a single word.

She made no comment on the visit as we went out past the spotless kitchen, where I half expected the hospitality of a cup of coffee; but when we were again on the road, she said:

"He's years older than I, of course. That and his having been born here and living shut up between these mountains is what has made it hard for him to understand. The Neckarthal is broader than his valley." She sighed.

"Wont you have tea with me at the Inn? I hate taking it alone," I said, feeling suddenly that at the risk of missing my fast train, I must turn another page in this human document.

"It's I who should have made coffee for you," she stammered, "but I longed so to talk—freely—you can't think—"

"I know," I said, "a man is always *de trop* between two prattling women. Shall it be the Black Bear or the White Swan?" I hesitated before the creaking rivalry of two sign-boards.

"Most foreigners prefer the Bear." She was as pleased as a child on an outing from school. There were no other guests in the bleak coffee-room. We chose a table near the window. I had to overcome her reluctance to accept more than a *café simple* and even with a slice of *marzipan torte* before her, she had more appetite for speech than for food.

"You see you're being a stranger and knowing Heidelberg too, I can speak. A person who has actually

seen it can understand how I felt. I really shouldn't have blamed him for not comprehending. But you see when he never allowed me to go back, even on a visit, it seemed so cruel! It wasn't that he was not rich enough to let me make the trip, or to have gone with me for that matter. All those fields up there used to be his." She pushed aside the short muslin casement curtain. "And he sold out his carpentry business at a big profit after his accident and long before I came. His children, by his first marriage, were all settled prosperously and he could have afforded not only to keep a new wife, but to live largely at home and travel a bit too, to see the world.

"Perhaps you will think it strange, but I married him through an advertisement. I can remember every word of it by heart to-day: An elderly widower of ample means offers a fine home in the Bernese Oberland to a thoroughly healthy Frau in the middle years. Weight, if possible, not to exceed seventy kilos and with her own teeth. Must be competent housewife and possessor of contented disposition. No dowry required."

The grotesque wording did not even make her smile.

"We were literally starving, mother and I," she went on. "Hans, my dear brother was killed in the war. He had been a teacher in our gymnasium with a good salary, and I had kept house for *Mutter* and for him ever since I was sixteen, when mother had her first stroke after father died. We'd saved where we could, but the tiny income from the capital we had been able to put by, scarcely sufficed to buy her medicines after the second attack. You know where the mark was in nineteen eighteen. I can't bear, even to-day, to think what we went through, nor of the misery of denying her the things she needed when she was helpless. I had to lift and turn her in her bed at first and feed her from a spoon. However, by and by, she improved physically through some miracle, but her mind remained quite blank and she no longer knew me. That, of course, made what I had decided to do, easier! I scraped every pfennig together and bought her a place in the Old People's Home. 'There is light at Evening' was the text over the door, but it nearly broke my heart to leave her there. At once I began to look for employment. But nobody wanted what I could do. Household things, you know. Even the nobility was serving itself. After a while I answered the advertisement in the 'Garten Laube.' It was the only one that had not demanded a dowry. I'd never been flighty nor wild. The way things were, I could not marry, but brother was very strict about sweethearts. I did receive one offer from a small apothecary in the Hauptstrasse, but it was impossible to leave mother, though I'd had my *ausstattung* ready —four dozen of everything—since I was fifteen. I embroidered all the initials myself in the years after. But—

"'Es wär zu schön gewesen
Drum hat's nicht sollen sein.'"

"You know the song?" she asked.

"I think every soul has hummed it," I said sympathetically.

It is almost a law of nature that to some one sometime the heart must tell its whole story and she went on:

"At that we were happy. One often does not know what one is missing until long after. Of course, in the *backfisch* years, I knew some of the corps students. Such a *schwärmerei* as I had for one of the Green Caps. His nose had been sewed on crooked after his first big *mensur*, but he was of a stately figure and could drink much beer. He and my brother and I used to make excursions, the Molkenkur, Neckarsteinach, Dilsberg. *Ach*, Dilsberg at sunset!" Her broad face melted with German sentimentality. "Summer in Heidelberg!" she sighed.

"And there was the *fackel* parade! What a sight from our little house in the Thiergasse when the students passed over the old bridge! The light from their torches striped the Neckar with gold. I loved that procession even better then the illumination of the Schloss." The tide of words flowed on in a hurried release.

"And there were the winter evenings when my brother read aloud from the poets. Those books you saw came to me on the birthday table each year as gifts from Hans. On occasions we went to the theater to see the pieces we knew best—'Kabale und Liebe,' 'Don Carlos.' 'Die schönen Tage in Aranjuez sind nun zu Ende'—how often I've whispered that line here about my own life. And sometimes I try to comfort myself as I look at the mountains with that verse of Goethe's:

"'Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh;
In allen Wipfeln spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur! Balde
Ruhest du auch!'"

She halted a second. "However, to go back! After some preliminary correspondence through the 'Garten Laube' about the advertisement—mother was well settled in the Old People's Home by that time—I promised to go to him. There are many prejudices that one reasons away when there is strong motive for an action. The decision was easier than I expected. It was the endurance that was to be the test.

"I got through the journey fairly well, what with excitement and the sense of adventure. He had sent me his photograph in exchange for mine, a strong-looking man in middle life. It turned out that that picture had been taken twenty years before! He met me at the station and well—" She paused, the spoon rattled in the saucer as she raised her cup for a sip of coffee, and in the silence I could see a pulse throb in her throat. "He had paid the expenses of the trip and I was in honor bound." She had checked her rising hysteria and could go on now. "We left my bag at the White Swan, where I was to lodge till next day, when we were to be married. He had made all the arrangements. The story he'd told his people was, that I'd come to him through a friend who'd moved to Germany years before. It would save the talk of the neighbors he said. Then we walked on down the road. He wanted to show me my future home. It looked nice and cosy from the outside at least, and I thought it was kind of him to have had the summer-house built for me. 'A wedding-present,' he told me as he pointed to the fine pattern of the open woodwork. It was then that I noticed his hand; I had only thought

he was left-handed at the station. Everything had been so strange and unexpected and the hand added to the strangeness. I could have screamed! An old crippled man and the mountains so near and high that one could see no distance! The horizon right on top of one and his few words in that odd dialect that I could scarcely understand! Over and over I read the motto on the front of the chalet to give me courage to go in:

"'Herr Gott segne dieses Haus
Und die da gehen ein und aus.'"

"But I was shaking from head to foot when I crossed the threshold. We were married quietly next morning. 'No need for a big wedding at our ages,' he had written beforehand. Well, there was enough to eat, warm rooms, a good bed—" Again the staining blush darkened her whole face. "Sometimes, you know, God forgive me, I hated his unsightly hand. He was not unkind in his way, but with my terrible homesickness upon me I was not a good wife to him even at first. He was a taciturn man and we of the Neckar valley love talk and laughter and song. Often he answered me with a monosyllable long after I had finished speaking. If souls think in the same language many words are not necessary, but our spirits were out of hearing of each other."

"Several times in the early months to relieve the monotony I made little parties in the summer-house and asked in a neighbor or two. A *baum-kuchen* is soon beaten up and does not cost much—I had found that he kept me close on expenditure—and a cup of coffee in the free air is *gemüthlich* and loosens the tongue almost as well as a glass of wine! But I soon discovered that he disapproved. The people I had not invited carried the news of my extravagance to his mother. She is ninety-eight now and she still lives in the big farm on the way to Altdorf; she has never left it in her whole life more than to step into neighboring fields, except once, when hatred brought her to Dreibäume.

"She thought ill of my harmless *kaffee-klatsch* and gradually she set him against all my little plans for amusements. The neighbors, she told him, laughed at him because his new wife was putting on the airs of a fine lady and no doubt wishing him in his grave. It ended in his forbidding me to ask company. Soon his mother and her friends were criticizing my dress and my ways, which were not those of a Bernese *Oberländerin;* they ridiculed my high German and made fun of my attempts to speak Switzer-Deutsch.

"The days were long for I had little work to do and my fine kitchen arts were neither appreciated nor wanted. One hour was like the other. And though the seasons changed they brought no variety. I heard regularly from the *Heim* about my mother. I was not sorry I had done what I had. There had been no other way. But the things that can't be helped are the only deep sorrows. He had promised me in the first week of our marriage, that I should go back to see her sometimes; but whenever I broached the subject there was always some excuse. 'What good would it do,' he argued finally, 'since she would not even recognize

you?' 'The journey would be costly, better save the money for some greater need. Her burial belike would take a pretty penny.' He meant no deep unkindness, but the coarse tactlessness of the words made me burst into resentful tears.

"Once I asked him for money to buy books. Some of the new romances, I thought, would carry me away from both past and present and satisfy the *wanderlust* that made me shuffle my feet under the table as we sat dumbly through the long evenings. But he only pointed to the full book-shelves and shook his head. 'Why did I not read those?'

"Boredom can become absolute pain. In Heidelberg my brother and I used to play chess and I now offered to teach him. We had no board and he refused to buy one.

"Regularly each Sunday we tramped up the field paths to his mother's farm. For hours her sharp gaze would examine every detail of my clothes as she questioned him minutely as to my abilities in household economy. Always she discovered that I was spending too much and then she would advise me as to how I could manage differently in order to add, weekly, a few more *groschen* to his savings account in the bank. 'For,' she said one day, her eyes boring into me like gimlets making peep-holes into my very soul, 'a man must take care of his first litter in his testament. The childless woman of his age has received plenty if she be housed and fed till he dies and then left with enough that she may not become a charge to his family.'

"As we walked back in the chill of the darkened valley that afternoon, I was cold with anger, desperate too. A broad open country where one can look across the plain eases the heaviest heartache, but the mountains turn sorrow back upon itself. And the sun sets early!

"Swallowing my pride and my anger, I once more besought him with every persuasion at my command to let me go to Heidelberg if only for a few days to see my mother. Perhaps a premonition gave my words an added vehemence. He was shaken, but he yielded only to the extent of a vague, 'We'll see! We'll see! Maybe when spring comes!'

"It was that evening that the telegram arrived. The reluctant half promise had come too late! She was dead now and I could never see that swift flash of possible recognition from cleared eyes, for which I had hoped and prayed on my return. But, at least now, at last, at last, I could go to her there beyond the mountains, follow her to the *friedhof*, lay my garland of immortelles upon her grave!

"Still holding the telegram, I turned toward him. 'When is the first train?' I said. 'There is enough of the housekeeping money in the drawer of the escritoire to buy my ticket. Give me the key!'

"He always kept it in his pocket. He did not move.

"'There is no use now,' he said, 'money is better spent on the living than the dead!'

"It was then that I threw the lamp at him. It cut a zigzag gash in his forehead, I saw the blood trickle as he put up his stump of a hand to stop it; but I did not care. It was winter with the deep snow on the ground and I rushed out of the house. I

think I was a little mad, for I began to walk and walk straight ahead of me. I was going to the Neckarthal. For two days I kept on without food or rest. I had only the few coins in my pocket that he doled out daily.

"A carter found me lying by the roadside. I was quite light headed and singing:

"'Und stechen mir die Dornen
Und wird's mir d'raus zu kahl
Geb' ich dem Ross die Spornen
Und reit in's Neckarthal!'"

A sob caught below her breath. "You remember the last verse of 'Alt Heidelberg!'"

"I was in a sanatorium for months. He paid the best doctors. He did not reproach me. There was only the scar on his forehead to remind me of the evening when the telegram had come. After my return to the chalet he was more silent than ever; and I brooded, planning to run away again if I could only find some means to get money. The thought of my mother's lonely grave in the *friedhof* haunted me, and I saw in my dreams the red towers of the Schloss and the green lush of the Neckarbanks.

"The silence had thickened between him and me. Scarcely a word got through now, never a thought. And then came the great trouble.

"One day, when I was at the hospital, he had eaten some tinned meat. He had been very sick at the time and the illness, a kind of poisoning of his whole system, kept recurring. People began to talk, they had been all against me from the first. They said—" She stopped suddenly. She had spoken rapidly without self-consciousness, but now she halted before lowering the ultimate curtain of reticence that hid the crucial fact in her existence.

"It was his mother who finally accused me openly. They made a good case against me. I had wanted his money. I had already thrown the lamp at him. They found a will that mentioned me as sole beneficiary. They talked of undue influence. Well, he did all he could—that was what astonished me. He fought for me, defended me everywhere, quarreled with his mother even after she had succeeded in—He spent his money too, more than he had ever spent in his whole life, almost more than he had earned in years of labor—hundreds of times more than it would have cost him to give me that journey to Heidelberg! He believed in me and he saved me!

"All that was six years ago. But when it was over, the effort had been too much; he resented what I had cost him in fortune, in suffering, in his family relations, in honor among his neighbors. It all came out at the trial, even the way we had become acquainted. I had injured him beyond all reparation. Though he did not cast me off, he could not forgive me and he has punished me in his own way. *For six years he has never spoken to me one single word!*"

Her head was bowed between her hands now. "And the villagers have followed his example. A hard man among a hard people. Sometimes I go almost mad. You will understand now why I had to speak to you a stranger. Yet he believed me against them all—after the lamp—after everything. And he gave all that he had, all that was in him. And now that he is poor and broken by the

trouble I brought him, I cannot leave him, though often when I start to walk in the mountains as I did this afternoon, knowing that beyond them is my home, my mother's grave in the Neckar valley, I think that I could die almost happy if I could see it once again and hear friendly German voices speaking kindly to me in the old way. And at such times, I say to myself too that I will never go back to Dreibäume. There are lakes to drown in and cliffs from which one could fall. But something stronger than memory draws me and turns my feet again. He needs me and maybe my care of him now when he is poor and broken, when the chalet is mortgaged and his testament will bring me nothing, may show him at last that he was right to have faith in me. And some day perhaps at last he will speak—" Her hands fell to her lap. "And anyhow, I could not go, for *he is all I have to love!*"

Through the window-panes of the Black Bear I saw the white flakes falling thick and fine. By to-morrow Dreibäume would be snowed in. There was nothing I could say, but I leaned instead across the little deal table and kissed her like a sister.

At the station she stood waving after the train, and as I looked the curtain of the snow grew heavier until she was hidden behind it and winter had again turned its icy key, locking her in the valley.

QUICKENING

IRWIN EDMAN

The language lovers use is this,
Half pæan, half periphrasis;
They do not know, they do not dare
The word that lays their quickening bare;
They cannot speak, they cannot find
Sweet purports they have half divined,
Nor could a warm clear music give
Voice to the glow by which they live.

So had they better kept their lips
Shut, and in their finger tips
Discern the tingle, the bright heat,
And trust their hearts—and hear them beat.

The Ass and the Elephant

The One Blinks Benignly as the Other Fans Himself Nervously

Don C. Seitz

The cartoonists have made the jackass, or, to speak more decorously, the donkey, a symbol for the Democratic party and the elephant that of the Republican. Side by side the effect is comical but the symbols are not so far from the mark as may seem. The ass has been for ages the burden bearer of the people, frugal, patient and efficient; docile, except behind, and always reliable; strong and subject to few ailments. The elephant on the other hand is a huge, extravagant beast useful in a limited way as an imposing steed for regal Indian rajahs and as a compelling feature in the circus. Where the donkey is faithful, the prodigious pachyderm, Mr. Artemus Ward said, is "as treacherous as a Tuscarorous Injun with six inches of corn whisky in his stummick."

Where the donkey can thrive on a bunch of thistles, the elephant devours lush grass and foliage to the extent of half his weight per day and tramples down as much more, while it is hard to locate his rival's hoofprints on the soil. Fifty or seventy pounds of ivory can be had from a bull elephant. That ends his value, beyond a ton or two of tough meat, though African potentates use his tail for a fly-brush.

Just as the donkey is the cheapest of all useful beasts to maintain, so the elephant is the most expensive. There again the fitness of the symbol demonstrates itself. In a year that sees the two parties following their band-wagons in an election it is worth while to consider contrasts.

When that sage Swiss, Albert Gallatin, who elected to be an American, went abroad in 1813 to begin the negotiations that were to end the War of 1812, he took his young son James with him as secretary, and while waiting for affairs to shape themselves improved the time by giving the young man some good advice.

"He warned me," wrote the youthful James—he was seventeen—in his diary, "as to my future life—that is, if I decide to remain in America—never above all things to forget my birth and the duties that birth brings—never to do anything to dishonor a name that for centuries had never borne a stain—always to remember that true nobility was simplicity—always to be civil, particularly to those who were not my equal—to guard against the horde of adventurers who were certain to swarm to America—that the country was so vast that the hidden wealth in minerals, et cetera, must be enormous—adventurers would come in with the lust for gold—men

without scruples or conscience or education—that there would be a terrible corruption—never to mix my name with any man who did not carry on his business or speculations in an honest manner—far better to die poor and honored than to sully my name—that the country would suffer years from corruption—immense fortunes would be made and lost and men of evil repute would, on account of the power of their money, keep corruption and dishonesty afloat."

The sapient seer spoke truly, but he gave too much credit for rascality to the flocking adventurers and not enough to the homegrown crop of rogues. Where he put his finger down correctly was in pointing to the vast stores of hidden wealth which have been the source of a national prosperity—dug from the soil by robust immigrants who seldom shared in the spoil—and which, though they daily grow less, are constantly being capitalized anew and now bear such a mortgage as to promise soon a colossal collapse.

Because of the fundamentals so clearly disclosed by Gallatin, politics and prosperity have become closely interlocked. Patriotism and public service have been prostituted to profits. The theory that America was to become a haven for the oppressed has been perverted into making it a nation of oppressors. That this could come about under the terms of the Declaration of Independence and the principles of Thomas Jefferson might seem incredible. These are still much quoted and but little used. Why?

The original plan of the government as described in the Constitution (designed to a too great extent by Alexander Hamilton—Jefferson having no hand in the making, though tinkering it afterward) provided for what is the fact, a federal republic, not the democracy it pretends to be.

It was to be operated by the "best minds." The people were to select the best minds they could find as electors, who were in turn to seek out still better minds for President and Vice-President. To Senate and House of Representatives were assigned law-making powers, but over them was set a carefully planned United States Supreme Court of nine members to keep the legislative powers within bounds. So it has befallen that the vote of one man in this court can and often does govern the United States in great vitalities. The Constitution fills ten pages of type; its interpretations more than a thousand.

By universal consent George Washington and John Adams were the first choices of the electors for President and Vice-President. When Washington wearied of the job and set the fashion for two terms in the high office, John Adams succeeded him, with Thomas Jefferson, miles away from him in beliefs, as Vice-President. Adams could hold on but a single term. Jefferson pried him out and established an era. It was rather a dynasty. The people continued to select electors, but a Congressional caucus picked the "best minds" for the electors and Jefferson picked them for the caucus. Thus we got James Madison and James Monroe, who with Jefferson "best minded" for twenty-four years.

During this time a feeble Fed-

eralist party had come into being and died. Jefferson founded a Democratic-Republican party which still survives under the first half of its name—mainly in name. King Caucus ruled. Upon the scene in 1824 came the furious Andrew Jackson who had picked up a considerable collection of electors instead of waiting for them to pick him. He failed, thanks to Henry Clay who put John Quincy Adams in the White House, leaving Jackson to gnash his teeth without. Adams and Clay began to create a new party, but for the moment without name, merely a schism. By and by it became known as the Whig party. The Ass was among the nettles. Jackson saddled and bridled him and rode into the White House, as a Democrat—the "Republican" part of the name had disappeared. Eight years Jackson ruled in person and four through Martin Van Buren. Though a strict disciplinarian he had a kind heart and the animal was well fed, at the public crib. Some snippy persons say this was the beginning of the Spoils System. Whatever it was it gave folks an interest in politics. The Ass grew sleek.

Business, however, did not fatten. A Bank of the United States, owned largely in England, had a grip on the finances. Jackson saw this was making too few prosperous at the expense of many. Old Hickory had a fool notion that people should earn money and not make it out of the money that others gained by perspiration. He throttled the bank and the bankers offset this with a panic, which sent the Ass back to his thistles. He had thrown Prosperity and deserved a beating.

The man who did it knew no more about money-making than the dullest of donkeys; but he had a reputation as an Indian killer. He was washed into the White House on a flood of hard cider. This was a Democratic beverage to which he was addicted. He also lived in a log cabin. Van Buren was a gentleman and drank wine. The result was obvious. Healthy as hard cider may be, it, or something else, was fatal to William Henry Harrison. He only lived a month. His successor, John Tyler, had a sneaking idea that Jackson was right. He would not revive the bank. Then the Ass took heart and bore James K. Polk into office. By annexing Texas and fighting Mexico he doubled the size of the United States, if that could be called an improvement, and the Ass dwelt in comfort for four years. A soldier without real politics got in for his share in walloping Mexico and for personally starting the war. Zachary Taylor did not live long but the Ass was out for four years. He came in again and dwelt decorously under Franklin Pierce.

Do not think that all this time there had been no effort to break two-party monopoly. The predominating power in both was slavery. Both stood by the Institution as guaranteed by the Constitution—if this thinly veiled clause which is still in that revered document can be said to justify it:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from

such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

Slavery had played out in the North not because it was wicked, but because it did not pay. In the South the slave-holding class was small—not more than 40,000 were magnates—but it represented prosperity, and with the leisure due to it, raised statesmen as well as chattels. Virginia mothered Presidents and serviles—selling the last at a profit where the soil no longer paid, and furnishing rulers in Washington.

To offset slavery the North had pushed through a tariff. This took a slice of Prosperity from the South and almost led to secession—one State, South Carolina, actually voted to disobey the exaction. Some misguided persons led by James G. Birney, an Alabamian, created a Liberty party in 1840, and there cropped up another in 1848 called the Free-Soil party, which objected to extending slavery into the West.

The Whigs crumbled. They represented wealth and culture in the North and a little of both in the South, which was by no means solid in their day. In the North, Irish immigrants began tincturing Democracy, especially in New York and New England, furnishing cheap labor and a lot of votes. Protection squeezed the South, where slave-farming soon exhausted the soil and sought to move on. If slavery dominated a new State it meant its political aggrandizement. North and South were pretty evenly balanced by a device which counted negroes as a factor in representation and denied them everything else. It was to prevent this sort of domination that the Free-Soil party was created. This was led by a New York Democrat who had been President, Martin Van Buren. Free-Soil represented politics, abolition, humanity. Humanity received the smallest support at the polls.

Then another party developed, called Know-Nothings in common parlance. It labeled itself the Native American party and proposed to put none but one hundred percenters on guard, meaning to shut out the invading Irish who voted the Democratic ticket and were believed to obey the Pope in secret. They made much noise, did some mobbing and then were skilfully drawn into a net by Thurlow Weed and William H. Seward who had gathered into the same web the first Prohibitionists, the Free-Soilers and many Abolitionists. Seward was the only Whig statesman openly to advocate the abolition of slavery. Weed was purely political in his aims. They made, if they did not originate, the Republican party. That credit belongs to Alvan E. Bovay, who gave it a start at Ripon, Wisconsin.

Abraham Lincoln, an Illinois politician of great discernment and skill, who had been a Whig Congressman, joined the new organization. He saw the effort the South was making, not only to maintain its balance of power, but to increase it unto perpetuity. The negro was an incident, party control a necessity. Sectionalism had long been apparent, but it now became active in the South. The North awoke to the danger—that is, the parties did. The people were either in the dark or indifferent. They harried the

Abolitionists as trouble-makers. Free soil was different. That interested the politicians.

So it came to pass that in 1856, John C. Frémont was selected as the first Republican candidate, getting 1,341,246 votes. Millard Fillmore, who had been President, ran as a Native American. He got 874,536 ballots. So the Democrat, James Buchanan, was therefore elected with a poll of 1,838,169. It is clear that he was in the minority 377,613. The Elephant was thus foaled.

The next Congressional election, that of 1858, gave Congress to the new-comers. The election of 1860 was another minority affair. Abraham Lincoln had 1,866,322 votes, Stephen A. Douglas 1,375,157 and J. C. Breckinridge, on a "constitutional" ticket, that is pro-slavery, 845,373. To add to the complexity John Bell had 549,581 supporters, Whigs called from the party grave. So Abraham Lincoln was nearly 1,000,000 behind being a majority victor.

Civil war followed. Its great generals were mainly Democrats. One, George B. McClellan, became a candidate for President in 1864. He was beaten. Another, U. S. Grant, was taken on as a Republican to save the party in 1868. He did it. In 1872 a Republican turning Independent secured a Democratic indorsement against Grant whose administration had been a scandal. This was Horace Greeley. He was beaten, but died before the electors could put it to vote.

With slavery gone, Protection and Privilege took its place as political potencies. The Confederate cruisers had chased our flag from the seas. Ship-owners transferred their craft to foreign flags. Protection would not let them come back, in the interest mostly of Bath, Maine, a ship-building town with James G. Blaine in Congress to uphold its demands. So the flag, that once ruled the waves, became next to invisible. Kerosene killed the whaling industry. Nobody cared. More than one "Coal Oil Johnny" sprang into being. One kept his money and all of the oil—John D. Rockefeller. Railroad building became the rage. Pacific roads were greased with great grants of land. Grant and Congress showered largess.

Zachariah Chandler, Ben Wade and Thaddeus Stevens were Grant's elder statesmen. The saintly Sumner was tossed aside. All hands wallowed in the trough. It was steadily enlarged to accommodate them. The Elephant took on the credit mobilier, a scheme for smoothing the ways for the Union Pacific. Out of this grew a scandal, tiny compared with some that were to follow, that gave Congress to the Democrats in 1874. The poor things did not know what to do with it. The Ass having become used to his diet of prickly weeds, knew nothing better. Then in 1876 Samuel J. Tilden won the Presidency because of National disgust with greed. His supporters lacked the acumen to secure his inauguration. He timidly thought insistence would bring on civil war. It might have. The "old soldiers" were in line, kept there with liberal pensions, the "bloody-shirt" waved high and the Ku Klux Klan gave reason to believe that the South was gathering

for a new assault. The timid Ass was content to bray.

In 1880 the outraged Democrats made another essay with a distinguished general. He said the tariff was a local issue and was much laughed at for telling what has proved true. Probably he would have been elected but for the success of a fusion in Maine with a rising Greenback party. This scared the money-bags. The State election was in September and in the two months that followed, cash did its work.

James A. Garfield's plurality over Winfield Scott Hancock was but 7918 on the popular vote. A party split followed that, in Grover Cleveland, gave the Democrats their first President since Buchanan, though the Ass did not profit. Cleveland called public office a public trust and no place for the hungry. The Elephant kept most of his fat. Cleveland was beaten for reëlection by a schism in New York. David B. Hill won as Governor, but Cleveland lost the State and the nation.

Another animal got a good deal out of it though, the Tammany Tiger. After four years of a decent administration under Benjamin Harrison, during which the Elephant grew a trifle lean, Cleveland triumphed again—but not through the exertions of the Ass. He was boosted in by a Populist rising to face a crisis of Republican devising—a flood of silver bought by law, that refused to circulate, and depleted the country's store of gold. The treasury was paying twice the market value for the white metal. Cleveland stopped this and bred Bryanism. That is to say the doctrine of sixteen to one.

In 1896 this burden was piled on the Donkey's back. Though created by a Republican statesman, John Sherman, for the benefit of the Nevada bonanza kings and indorsed by William McKinley, the Elephant got from under and left the Ass mired in the mud. Having dug the hole the cunning pachyderm floundered out and the long-eared quadruped fell in. He stayed in the pit sixteen years and then did not crawl out by exercising his own limited intelligence. No indeed. Dissatisfied with the pace of the elephant, now fat and old, Theodore Roosevelt mounted a bronco and scared the poor old pachyderm into a fit of trembling. Woodrow Wilson came in, but not the Ass. Nominally, of course, he was in the stable but could not reach the crib. Civil service and a scholastic mind kept him bereft, braying dismally, but his appeals brought no help. Then his President benignly rewarded him by keeping out of the World War long enough to be reëlected himself and presto, the poor little beast had on his haunches the greatest load ever placed there, or anywhere else. You should have heard the Elephant snort! He contrasted his broad beam with the tiny proportions of the donkey, and one of his mahouts, Elihu Root, stood up in Carnegie Hall and demanded that the load be transferred to "we who are competent." Colonel Roosevelt came riding up on his bronco and offered to relieve both of the burden. The bronco bucked so that he could never get anywhere with the animal and the Donkey pulled through.

No, he did not muddle either. The little runt knew how to fetch and carry. He came home with the goods.

You would have thought nothing could have been fine enough as a reward. When the Elephant "saved" the country in the years 1861–65, it became sanctified. Now the Ass had saved the sphere, yet was denied even a laurel wreath.

Mr. Wilson created fourteen points that had in them the salvation of the Universe. The Elephant squatted on them. They did not so much as prick his hide. Then the grateful country did do something for the Ass. It took off his harness and turned him out by the roadside to pick up what he could. Great, yes? There were plenty of thistles.

Well, the Elephant came back of course. He was a bit thin but that was soon remedied. The Ass, unused to luxury, had overlooked a lot of things. His short legs could not lift him up to the plum-tree branches. Besides, his ears got in the way of his eyes. The Elephant's height was enhanced by a pervasive and prehensile trunk that reached up into the farthest limbs and soon packed the fruit into his maw. Privilege and plunder were his unto repletion. And how pleased the country was! Every time an oil reserve went between his tusks there was loud applause, not unmixed with envy that "they" had not been "in" on the deal. That the Elephant was pillaging did not make any difference. He was a good fellow and knew how to create Prosperity. Prosperity being the nation's God, all was well. Indeed the public was so pleased that half of it quit voting. "A mark of confidence" the mahouts proclaimed this seeming negligence. It was—also of confidence men. Prohibition came in with Prosperity. The Ass complained of this but was curtly told that aridity was good for his morals. Men worked harder to feed the Elephant when not distracted by drink. He had his own private supply of arrack and his tongue was wet even though his heart was dry and hard. The Ass's nether lip quivered a little at this but he was used to rebuff and went back to his thistles. He is there yet.

The health of the Elephant is not good. Outwardly he looks well, but his bowels rumble and his eyes have grown furtive. He has the jumps. Like his cousin in the menagerie he starts when he hears a rustle in the straw. He is afraid of mice. He wishes Coolidge had chosen to remain his keeper. The new man may not have any forage or arrack—nothing but bootleg laced with wood-alcohol. The voters who haven't voted for eight years may decide to do so and goodness knows what may happen. So the pachyderm putters about hoping for the best, but fearing the worst. He hopes they will decide to keep Mr. Mellon. Then all will be well. Wall Street agrees with him.

The Ass is not quite sure that any one wants a small mouse-colored animal, who lacks speed and spirit, but he pricks up his ears at the sighs of the Elephant and blinks benignly as the big fellow fans himself nervously with his own ample auricular appendages. These evidences of discomfort he tries to translate into symptoms of despair out of which he may gather cheer. Weight for weight the Ass has the advantage. He does not even carry a pack-saddle!

Have a Good Time While You Can

An Impression of the Carnival in New Orleans

Lyle Saxon

II

Canal Street was so tightly packed with people that it was impossible to move forward at more than a snail's pace. About half the crowd was masked, the others dressed in everyday garb. High above the streets the balconies, the windows and even the roofs were massed with spectators. Flags fluttered everywhere. Bedlam! A happy roar hung over the heads of the throng, a hum of voices punctuated with cries, whistles, cat-calls. And everywhere the tinkling of little bells, an undercurrent of sound infinitely strange. Color everywhere: red, purple, blue, arsenic green, and the glitter of spangles and metal head-dresses in the sunlight. There were clowns of every size and color of costume, ballet-girls all dressed alike in white and black. There were animal disguises—men wearing purple elephants' heads of papier-mâché, or huge donkeys' heads. Two men had combined to represent a comical spotted horse—two others constituted a violet cow. A man passed by, high on stilts, his pink and white striped coat-tails blowing out behind him. Two men wore black tights painted in white to represent skeletons, terrifying in their macabre aspect. A fat woman dressed in the uniform of a United States marine accompanied them; she dragged a squalling child by one arm. "That's only your papa," she said wearily, indicating the larger of the skeletons; but the child, unimpressed, continued to yell.

Suddenly I became conscious of a swelling whisper that ran through the crowd. Necks were craned. Maskers stopped their antics and stood on tiptoe, all looking in the same direction. Robert, my black guide and guardian, shading his devil mask with white-gloved hand, tiptoed also. Then he shouted, his voice muffled behind his mask, "It's de parade!" Then, almost upon us, I saw twelve blue-coated policemen on horseback riding abreast. The crowd moved back before them, men falling over each other in their haste.

Elbows came in contact with my forehead, feet smashed down upon mine; I was buffeted about, almost thrown down. But Robert dragged me back to him, and in another moment I found myself seated with my legs around his neck, high above the heads of the others. I had the feeling of a swimmer rising upon the crest of a wave. There before me, stretched out as far as I could see, was a mass of maskers, and beyond them a series of glittering mountains was moving

toward us. The carnival king was coming.

Behind the mounted police who cleared the way, were masked outriders on black horses; they wore gold plumes on their hats, and their purple velvet cloaks trailed behind them over the flanks of the horses; they wore doublet and hose and carried gleaming swords in their hands. Their masks were black. Behind them a brass band tooted lustily. Two negroes carried between them a large placard emblazoned with one word, "Rex."

The first float in the procession seemed to me the most wonderful thing I had ever seen. It was a mass of blue sky, clouds and a glittering rainbow. Under the rainbow's bridge were masked figures in fluttering silk, men and women who held uplifted golden goblets. This was the title car, and along the side was written the title of the parade—a subject which I have entirely forgotten, except that it dealt in some way with Greek mythology. The glittering float towered as high as the balconies which overhung the street from the second floors of the houses. As the gay-colored mountain came gliding past it seemed fragile for all its monumental size, and it swayed as though mounted on springs. The car was drawn by eight horses draped in white.

A blaring band followed the title car, and then came more outriders in green and gold and wearing purple masks. Behind them came a car even larger than the first. It was like a gigantic wedding-cake and at the top, on a golden throne, was Rex, king of the carnival. Such a perfect king he was, with fat legs incased in white silk tights, a round fat stomach under shimmering satin, long golden hair and a magnificent curled yellow beard. His face was covered with a simpering wax mask, benign and jovial. On his head was a crown of gold and jewels that sparkled in the sun; he carried a scepter of diamonds which he waved good-naturedly at the cheering crowd. Behind him a gold-embroidered robe swept down behind the throne, cascaded over the back part of the float and trailed almost to the ground, its golden fringe shaking with the movement of the car. There was gauze and gold-leaf everywhere and spangles glittered in the sunlight. At the feet of the monarch two blond pages stood, boys no larger than I, with long flaxen curls and white silk tights, rather wrinkly at the knees. How I envied them!

Robert and I—like every one else—were screaming with delight. I clapped my hands. The blond king, so high, yet so near me, leaned out and with his scepter pointed directly to me as I sat perched upon the shoulder of the big red devil. He said something to one of the pages, and the page with a bored smile tossed a string of green-glass beads to me. It swirled through the air over the heads of the people and dropped almost into my outstretched hands; but my clumsy fingers missed it and it fell to the ground. Immediately there was a scramble. Robert stooped; I fell from his shoulders, and found myself lying on the pavement as though swept under a stampede of cattle. Hands and feet were all around me, but somehow I managed to retrieve those beads, and triumphant I scrambled up again and Robert put me back on his shoulder.

This had taken only a moment, but during that time the king's car had moved on and another car was in its place. I could see monstrous golden pythons which twined around white columns, and there were nymphs with green hair who held up bunches of purple grapes as large as oranges, grapes which glittered in the sunshine with iridescent coloring. The car with the serpents and grapes came to a swaying halt before us. I had an opportunity to examine the snakes at close range and was relieved to find that they did not move but remained twined about the fluted columns.

Robert was pinching my leg. With the other hand he was pointing toward the carnival king whose throne was now a short distance from us. The king's back was turned, but I could see that he was greeting some one on a balcony opposite. I had not noticed this balcony before, oddly enough, but now I saw tier after tier of seats rising from the second to the third floor of the building, the seats filled with men and women, not maskers but ordinary mortals dressed in their best. At the moment their hands were stretched out in greeting and they were cheering. There in the first row on the balcony was a beautiful girl in a floppy pink hat; she stood with arms outstretched toward Rex as he sat before her. They were separated by a distance of perhaps twenty feet, but his high throne was nearly level with her. He was saluting with his scepter. And then from somewhere came a man with a high ladder which was leaned against the king's chair. Up the ladder the man ran nimbly, balancing a tray covered with a white napkin. He presented the tray to the king. A bottle opened with a loud pop, and I saw champagne poured into a wineglass, champagne that spilled over the edge of the goblet and ran down into the street below. Rex was toasting his queen. Years after, I heard the story of this, why it was done and how old the custom was; but then the small boy who looked upon it saw only another fantastic happening in that mad dream of Mardi Gras.

The ceremony was soon over, the step-ladder was whisked away and Rex on his swaying throne was drawn slowly down the street. I could hear the cheers as they grew fainter in the distance, drowned in the blare of bands. One by one the gorgeous floats passed before us, each telling some mythological story. There were satyrs, fawns, mermaids, centaurs, the like of which I had never dreamed before. Fairyland had become reality. I counted the cars as they passed; there were twenty of them, and nearly as many bands of music. And always that unreal quality, that gaudy, blatant thing that I could not define then, of course, and which I cannot define even now, except that it gave to me the feeling of seeing a thousand circuses rolled into one.

The parade had passed by, the maskers had the street to themselves again. Horns blared, tambourines banged. The dance was beginning afresh. "We got tuh leave dis place!" cried Robert, clutching my hand and beginning to make his way through the crowd.

We went down a narrow street beside a railroad station. Men filled the street, men going from house to

house. The curtains were drawn, but now and again I heard the sound of music through open doors. Deaf to my questioning, Robert continued to stride along. We passed cafés where I could hear the shuffling of feet, banging pianos, shrill cries. What a good time the people were having!

We turned a corner and went along Iberville Street. Here beautiful ladies leaned from windows, calling out friendly greetings. They were all a little fat, it seemed to me, and their lips were very red; but they smiled and held their kimonos around them, and they all kept crying out for the passers-by to come in and see them. Some of the men stopped to talk with these friendly girls, and some went up the steps and into the doors, which closed after them. The structures in this street were peculiar, I thought—long houses only one story high, divided into small apartments, each with one door and one window. Only pretty ladies seemed to live in them, and to make the matter stranger still, many of these ladies had their names painted on the doors. As we went along I read the names aloud: "Laura" and "Wanda" and "Anna" and "Bessie," and sometimes the names were prefixed by a title, such as "Chicago May" or "French Marie," and some of the doors had additional notices: "Come in!" which was very nice and hospitable I thought.

The Zulu King was holding his ball in the High Brown Social and Athletic Club, which turned out to be a negro saloon. Robert did not linger in the bar-room, but led me through a rear door into a smelly courtyard. Behind heavy doors I could hear the booming of a drum and the whine of fiddles. And when this door was opened that breath of air was so stifling that I fell back for a moment. We went in, but it was like entering an oven.

The room was large and tightly closed; electric lights shone bright. The ceiling was a mass of red and green streamers of paper, rather reminiscent of Christmas. The place was thronged with negroes, and upon the dancing-floor many couples were moving in a slow, shuffling dance; pressed together so that they seemed as one.

The Zulu King was lolling on a dais at one end of the room. He was laughing and showing his white teeth. He lay back in his chair, and upon his knee was a mulatto girl with a short red dress. She was drinking from his glass. The room smelled of stale beer.

Robert found a chair for me, and then, cautioning me not to take off my mask, he was gone. A little later I saw his red devil costume and realized that he had joined in the dance. With arms entwined around some dusky damsel he was gyrating with the best of them, and his squirms and bumps were something to see!

It was not long before the music stopped and a shout echoed through the room: "Time foh de contes'!" Presently the floor was cleared and the dancers ranged themselves around the hall. The members of the orchestra laid aside their instruments. The drummer moved his big drum farther out on the dancing-floor and began beating a measured rhythm.

A thin quadroon came to the center of the floor and began to shake with the drum-beats, first a shoulder, then a hip, faster and faster until she was shaking all over. The drum-

beats became more rapid; her gyrations became more violent. Suddenly the drumming stopped and she stood limp in the middle of the floor. There was wild applause.

She retired and another girl took her place. This time the dancer was a Congo black. Her movements pleased the crowd extravagantly. The drumming was done in the same fashion as at first. When she had finished she was followed by a third girl, and so on until the contest was ended and the winner was acclaimed—a large, fat black girl, her face shining with sweat and success—for this meant that she would wear the crown of the Zulu King. A mystic ceremony was then performed with much hugging and buffoonery, and at last the king rose and led his queen to the center of the floor. Some jargon was repeated, there was more loud laughter, and dancing began afresh.

It was quiet enough in my corner. The music lulled me. My head drooped lower and lower and at last I slept, worn out with fatigue.

I awoke with a start. Shrieks rent the air. A general fight was in progress. I could not see Robert anywhere. Women were knocked down; men threw chairs. A big negro knocked a smaller man sprawling and kicked him in the face. The man lay still, his mouth open. I saw the Zulu King, a razor in his hand. He was slashing at some man who was trying to hit him with the butt end of a pistol. I saw the razor glitter in the light and a moment later I heard a scream that ended in a gurgle. The tall black man fell backward on the floor. The razor was red in the king's hand. Panic!

Men and women rushed for doors and windows, knocking each other down. A mulatto girl screamed shrilly as she was trampled upon. A minute later there were only three people in the room; one was the negro who lay with his throat cut, the other was the man who had been kicked senseless, and the third was a small red devil holding with both hands to the chair on which he sat. Outside I could hear shouting and the sound of a police whistle. I was frightened. The dead man on the floor seemed to be looking at me with his wide open eyes.

It was then that I saw Robert again. He emerged inch by inch from behind the piano. He took one look at the men on the floor, then he cried out something I could not understand. He grabbed me and we ran. It was just in time, for as we plunged down a long alley, I heard the whistle repeated and the sound of a door being battered in.

"We got tuh make haste!" Robert shouted as he dragged me along. I could not see one negro that had been with us in the hall. They had disappeared. We walked rapidly down the street. Robert had snatched off my mask and was carrying it in his hand. His own mask was in place. He did not say anything until we had gone several squares, and turned four corners. Then he sat down in a doorway and fanned himself with my mask. "Jeese! but dat wuz a close call!" he said.

It would be impossible for me to tell you all that happened in that long and gaudy afternoon. I have a blurred remembrance of mad and futile flights from one part of the city to another—of maskers contests, of

small parades, and of celebrations that centered around open-air markets. The whole city was filled with masqueraders, and we went from neighborhood to neighborhood, observing their antics. We visited big hotels and sumptuous saloons. Years later I understood why Robert showed me so many things: masked he could not be distinguished from a white man, and holding a small white boy by the hand he could gain access anywhere. It is highly probable that Robert saw places that day that he had never seen before and never saw afterward. We strolled nonchalantly through the St. Charles Hotel, I remember, where a dignified grandeur reigned that Robert said was "genteel." We crossed the street and visited the old Ramos bar where twelve barkeepers stood in a line shaking the silver containers which held the famous gin-fizz. In the Ramos saloon there were many women, beautifully dressed, women who leaned against the bar with one foot on the brass rail and who imbibed absinthe or sipped fizzes. One incident remains clearly in my mind. A beautiful girl with a corsage bouquet of orchids called me to her—while Robert stood back modestly—and gave me a sip from her glass. It was the first time that I had tasted absinthe, and the flavor made me wrinkle my nose and cry out, "Paregoric!" This description was greeted with shouts of laughter.

Later we went back to Robert's room and rested for a while. I think that I took a nap from sheer exhaustion. But by nightfall we were afoot again.

Lee Circle is an open circular space at the intersection of St. Charles and Howard avenues. Here the ground has been built up into a sort of circular hill, an elevation surmounted with a large stone column which supports a bronze statue of Robert E. Lee. At the base of the column is a pyramid of stone—a sort of giant's staircase, each step a yard high. We scrambled to the topmost step and seated ourselves there. From our perch we could see far up the avenue to where the twinkling lights diminished in the distance. And as I grew accustomed to this godlike point of view, I saw that crowds lined both sides of the avenue as far as eye could see. And the crowd was humming like a swarm of bees.

As I sat there in the cool dimness I could hear various sounds rising above the murmur of the throng: the shrill whistle of air escaping from balloons, the irresponsible whine of harmonicas, the jangling of tambourines, the cries of street venders, the shouts of policemen who rode by clearing the street. While stretched out to infinity, it seemed, was the crowd.

There came a whisper that turned into a cry. The parade was coming. At first I could see nothing but the flickering rows of lights as they converged far away, but then I became conscious of a red glare in the sky, an aura which seemed to rise from the ground, or to emanate from the air itself. Smaller lights became visible in the glare, bright pin-points of flame, yellow, blue and green. Then, as the endless stream of lights moved nearer I was conscious of great wreaths of black smoke which swirled upward into the darkness, smoke which caught and reflected the flaring lights and seemed to surround the approaching

pageant with a rim of fire. Little by little dark shapes became visible, men on horseback clearing the route. Then, below each point of flame I could discern a red figure—men holding torches. And always the bobbing of these lights and their swirling smoke rising toward dim stars. In the center of each circle of light a mass of pale color became visible—the floats, pale in the night, but brilliant too. They seemed to be gliding noiselessly and effortlessly forward—relentless, like some gigantic fiery dragon.

Slowly details became clear: men on black horses, courtiers with plumed hats and black masks, the horses rearing and plunging as though trying to unseat their riders. Music blared out. Far off I could hear rippling applause as those along the way greeted Comus, the last and most dearly loved king of the carnival season.

Now the torches were nearer. I could see prancing negroes dressed in red robes who strutted as they bore the flambeaux. There were sudden flares of stage-fire, green or white, and the lights in their changing colors were reflected upon the decorated cars. It was as though mountains were moving toward us, undulating as they came.

First the title car, shimmering with tinsel and fluttering with gauzy streamers; the torches burned yellow and blue, and the dancing lights were reflected as though from a hundred mirrors. In black letters on gold I read that Comus's whim this year was "Legends of the Golden Age." Following the title car came Comus himself, riding on his swaying throne. He seemed suspended in the air, framed in fire. His crown and jewels sparkled with points of light. The blond and jovial monarch gestured with his diamond scepter with superb geniality. The sheen of golden satin vied with the gleam of burnished metal. Great golden tassels quivered. And this shimmering mass passed slowly by, drawn by eight horses covered with white, their eyes showing black through eyelets in the cloth. And everywhere the prancing negro torch-bearers, the blaring of bands. The undulation, the bobbing lights, the quivering masses of changing color, the unending rhythm seemed to stir a similar quivering in me.

One by one the floats passed by: Ulysses setting sail in a golden boat while his bare-armed followers pulled at long, shining oars; Circe and the companions of Ulysses, great fantastic swine, groveling before the enchantress; Jason and the Golden Fleece. It seemed as though all the beauty and all the gold of the world had been spilled out to make a small boy's paradise.

On one of the cars a Titanic ogre stretched out a threatening hand over a group of maskers who seemed unaware or unafraid of their doom, maskers who danced and blew kisses to the crowd, there in the shadow of those clutching fingers. On another float a glittering spider trembled horribly. The swaying cars went past, each one preceded by a band, each framed in a fiery ring of flambeaux. As the procession reached the mound upon which we sat, it turned, circled the base of the statue and continued down St. Charles Street. As the last car passed we followed it with our eyes, and there, strung out along the street, we saw the gorgeous spectacle

again, the backs of the floats this time, almost equally beautiful.

We scrambled down from the monument and went with the crowd in the wake of the parade. We followed through Canal Street and into the narrow streets of the Vieux Carre to the destination of Comus—the French Opera House. At the door of the beautiful old building, each car stopped and the maskers were helped down. The empty floats continued on their way, while the silk-clad masqueraders climbed the steps and disappeared into the wide doors. In Toulouse Street nearby there was a long line of carriages, and ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes were descending from them and entering by a side door. The number seemed endless. Gems flashed; there was a scent of perfume in the air. Horses plunged and their shoes struck fire from the cobblestones. Tight-packed everywhere stood people, watching the world of society as it went, laughing, to the Comus Ball. And looking down the street, I saw the great floats lose their fairy-like quality—for as they passed beyond the door of the Opera House the negroes extinguished the torches; and with the lights out, the floats were only dead things. One after another they disappeared into the darkness—gone as utterly as a snuffed-out flame.

Robert and I were turning away when I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder. "I was beginning to be worried about you," said my grandfather's voice. He stood there smiling down at me.

"Are you ready to go to bed now, or do you want to see some more?" he asked. A moment before I had been so exhausted that I could hardly stand, but at the promise of something more to see, I exclaimed, "Oh, I'm not tired at all!"

My grandfather turned and thanked Robert, who stood meekly by. A piece of paper money changed hands and I heard Robert's, "Thank *you*, suh!" He stood looking into my eyes, as though he wanted to say something, but he seemed to think better of it, and presently he turned away and disappeared in the crowd. "See yo' in de mawnin'," he called back to me.

It was then I saw that the old Creole gentleman was standing at my grandfather's elbow. He too was smiling at me. "Your face is dirty," he remarked as though he were stating a well-known fact. I scrubbed at it with a grimy handkerchief.

"Oh, never mind," he said. "We're going into the *troisième*. We'll never be noticed. Come along!"

I followed the two old men into the Opera House, up long flights of stairs, through great swinging doors and into a foyer with red carpet and gleaming crystal chandeliers. Mirrors reflected the people who were passing before them. We climbed more stairs. I was like a child in a dream; everything was vague and a red haze seemed to hang over the lights. At last we reached a balcony high up in the Opera House, and here, after some trouble we found our seats almost at the back of it. The two men sat down and I squeezed somehow between them, disputing with the chair arm for the right of way.

Far, far below I saw hundreds of men and women moving about. The theater was filled from pit to dome

with guests at the ball. In the proscenium boxes were women in evening gowns, glittering with jewels. There were flowers everywhere. Below us lay the horseshoe—we could see part of it—and here again were gaily dressed ladies and black-coated gentlemen. The stage was illuminated and decorated to represent a starry heaven. On a high throne were the King and Queen, as small as dolls it seemed to me—so high I sat. The proscenium arch curved above their heads, and before them stretched out a great expanse of dancing-floor, a floor which extended out over what had been the parquet of the theater.

My head drooped sleepily. The red haze around the lights grew denser. Somewhere an orchestra was playing softly. The king and queen were rising and beginning their march around the dance floor. Couples fell into line behind them—the men in costume and masked, but the women with the exception of the court ladies in customary evening dress. Behind the king and queen long gold-embroidered robes swept out—robes supported by pages in white. I recognized, in a dim sort of way, some of the characters that I had seen riding on the floats earlier in the evening: Ulysses, Circe and the rest of those masqueraders. But many seemed wholly unfamiliar, as I saw them in that half trance between sleep and waking.

There had been a series of tableaux before we entered the theater, my grandfather's friend told me—but I did not care that I had missed them. I nodded sleepily, and at last my head went down on my grandfather's shoulder. I must have slept for more than an hour, for when he awakened me it was midnight and the court of Rex had left its ball and had come to join the court of Comus—the climax of the Mardi Gras festivity. I was only conscious of two kings and two queens and two courts—more spangles, more glitter, more music, more brilliancy. It was too much. I could stand no more.

"I want to go home!" I said.

"All right, old sleepy-head," said my grandfather. "Let us go."

Somehow I staggered down the stairs and through the dim streets. We went back to the house that I had left that morning—a day, a century ago. The courtyard seemed quiet and ghostly in the peaceful dimness and the moon shone down upon the fountain. Again I climbed endless stairs and in a bedroom, somewhere in the front part of the house, I got undressed and tumbled into a big, four-post bed.

When I awakened it was dawn outside and I could see the red reflection of the sun in the sky. An altercation was going on in the street below and there were bells ringing, church-bells sounding dolefully, mournfully, slow solemn strokes.

I slipped out of bed, went to the window and looked down into the street. Outside a policeman was trying to induce a very tipsy masker to relinquish his hold on a lamp-post and go home. But the masquerader insisted that he had to go to early mass in the cathedral. This seemed to disturb the policeman, for he argued long and patiently that such a thing was out of the question. But the masquerader was firm. At last they departed, the policeman supporting the arm of the tippler. At

the corner this couple came face to face with two nuns who walked at the head of a long procession of little girls, all dressed alike in pink calico dresses and black hats, orphans on the way to church. The officer dragged the reveler to one side and reverently raised his cap as the nuns passed by.

After they had all gone the street was empty again, except for a little woman all in black who hurried along with small, clicking steps following the nuns and orphans toward the church. And the sun of Ash Wednesday rose above the steep roofs of the houses opposite. I yawned prodigiously. My grandfather lay in another bed, still sleeping. I climbed into my own bed again. How strange New Orleans seemed after the plantation! The day before was a gorgeous dream. It couldn't have happened.

A little later there was a knock at the door and Robert came in, meek and mild, bearing a tray with the cups of early coffee. My grandfather sat up and took his cup, looking sleepily at me. As I sat cross-legged in bed sipping the warm sweet drink, I said to Robert, "Oh, wasn't Mardi Gras grand? Robert, *do* you remember—?"

But he interrupted me. "Ah don' 'member a thing about it," he said meaningly.

"Oh!" said I, and was silent again.

Workers in Stone

Wilbert Snow

Workers in stone, we do not get upset
At all the changing flurries of the time;
This syenite has chosen to forget
That it was molten once, and in its prime
Roved here and there along the glacial slime
As restless as a mammal in a cage,
Then, doubting there were lovelier zones to climb,
It quite becomingly accepted age.
We've trodden it as actors tread a stage,
We've driven it with bolts to hold our skiffs,
Our door-steps, hearth-stones, headstones—each a page
Of incunabula preserved in cliffs.
Its grain has entered in our very marrows
Till we can blunt the heads of poisoned arrows.

Table Talk

A youthful criminal, aged ten, chronically addicted to stealing, lying and malicious mischief-making, underwent a double operation for appendicitis and adenoids. The surgeons believed that if the young man could get the toxic elements out of his system, it would favorably affect the development of his character. A year has now passed, and the "congenital" thief, liar and mischief-maker turns out to be a tractable healthy youngster, quite free from criminal or antisocial tendencies.

One hesitates to generalize from this single experiment, but it is evident that social surgery is a science that will liberally repay further research. Cut off the rotten branch, remove the toxic fleck, and perhaps the diseased organism will blossom into health. Truly, a conservative program, and from the limited data we possess, apparently a successful one.

Station WEVD, dedicated to the memory of Eugene V. Debs, and used principally for the dissemination of Socialist political doctrine, was not deprived of its broadcasting license in the sweeping campaign waged by the Radio Commission against unnecessary stations. The Commission is to be congratulated upon its action in this matter. Although we are not personally in sympathy with the doctrines emanating from Station WEVD, we would regard with trepidation any curtailment of free speech that might abridge the right of honest political discussion.

France owes us four billion dollars, which under the present schedule she must either pay or arrange to pay before next August. She has already paid two billion dollars in interest on the huge and timely loans we advanced during the war. The problem of when and how she will discharge the principal is frankly worrying her Minister of Finance.

Utopian moonshine has no place, of course, in international dickering. Considerations good and valuable are the only things a creditor nation can accept in payment of a legal debt. Well then, why don't we follow the lead of John Hay, one of our greatest Secretaries of State, and say to France something akin to what Hay said to China after the Boxer rebellion:

"It is true that you have incurred a debt which you cannot repudiate. But we want to help you discharge that debt in such a way that world friendship instead of world rancor will be the ultimate dividend. We propose therefore, to accept your forty-year, non-interest bearing note for four billion dollars. We further propose that you establish fellowships and collegiate foundations to

the extent of one hundred millions a year, and continue to establish such foundations until the entire principal is discharged. One third of these fellowships will be open to students of all nations; one third will be confined to American students only; and the remaining third will be used to send French students to foreign countries—that they may carry the leaven of French civilization to other nations, and in turn familiarize themselves with the cultures of neighboring states."

Such a plan would do more to bring about international accord than any series of green-table conferences, no matter how lofty. It would mean a cross-fertilization of world ideas, and the end of racial misunderstandings. A similar plan worked, and is still working, in the case of China. The investment of France's four billion in international education would practically guarantee world amity, and put an indestructible clincher in the Kellogg treaty against war.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, President of Columbia University, chooses the highest constitutional ground on which to combat the Eighteenth Amendment. According to his position, religion, morals and social expediency have nothing to do with the case. He views the Prohibition Amendment as an unwarranted violation of the Constitutional Bill of Rights, and a serious infringement upon individual liberty. He deplores the clouds of "verbifuge" that have obscured the real question—which he would put somewhat as follows: "Shall the Constitution be deflected so far from its original purpose as to abrogate liberties it formerly guaranteed?"

We admire Mr. Butler's argument, and regret that it cannot be made clear to the populace. Only after a long course in political philosophy can the essence of his logic be grasped, and his cogent criticism appreciated. To the few whose love of philosophic liberty is their dearest possession (and heaviest responsibility) his attitude on prohibition is perfectly clear. But to all others (they are strongest, alas, in his own party) he seems to be a wilful and dangerous character who should not be permitted to influence the tender youth attending the university of which he is president.

THE long poem, that bane of magazine editors and lady cinquain-writers, is back in our literature after an absence of half a century. In 1912, free verse fragments and wisps of impressionism were the official caper (vide Harriet Monroe on the "new poetry"). But to-day, Messrs. Robinson, Masters, Sandburg and Benét seem bent upon writing the great American epic.

It had to come. If our masculine poets had continued to follow the patterns of the lady editors, our poetry would have died of lyric anemia. But fortunately, the school of Chinese bric-a-brac has been thrust aside and our poets are beginning to appraise the possibilities of American life and history. Out of the latest revolt will come many a prosy line and drowsy passage; but the lace and lavender shackles have been ripped off, and Pegasus once more steps out with a narrative stride.

ONLY our unfounded fear of the phrase "Government subsidy" prevents most of us from whole-heartedly indorsing the farm relief program which revolves about the equalization fee. Any scheme whereby the Government is called upon to balance a private deficit with public moneys, is regarded with suspicion by most Americans. The notion of private enterprise is so deeply embedded in our industrial masonry that we reject as unsound any program that might deplete the energy of private undertakings, or penalize by special taxation the rest of the community.

But actually now, haven't we always subsidized industry under the guise of a protective tariff? The difference between the manufacturing price of the American article and its "cheap foreign competitor" is guaranteed to the manufacturer in the form of a protective tariff which we all pay. If there is nothing subversive of private enterprise in this practice—and Republicans have always gone on the assumption that there is not—then there is no reason why we should be afraid to stretch out a handful of Government money to the harassed farmer.

Furthermore, let us not make the mistake of thinking that farm relief is "class legislation." A large per cent of our population is still engaged in agriculture, and exactly one hundred per cent is dependent upon the farmer's success in wresting a food crop from the earth. If farm relief is class legislation, then eating is a minority privilege. By subsidizing the farmer we are merely guaranteeing bread and meat for ourselves. And by abandoning him to twelve per cent loan-sharks, we are traveling dangerously close to the gaunt rim of an agrarian revolt.

NO matter which way the election goes, the economic interpreters of politics will be firmly intrenched in the text-books. It has been an economic campaign, singularly free from spell-binding or jingo rhetoric. The military and spread-eagle aspects of politics grow less important annually, which might surprise even so recent a President as Roosevelt. But under the eyes of the present generation, politics is evolving into *political economy*, or

the science of efficient government by and for a business people. Under such a philosophy, some of the more spectacular personalities and phases of government disappear. "History grows less interesting"—but the budget is balanced with less bloodshed and students have fewer political orations to memorize.

THOUGHT in America oscillates between the extremes of Bunk and Debunk. "Bunk" may be defined as the excess of sentiment over logic, while the essence of "Debunk" is the panting exposure of that excess.

Strung out on the slack-wire between the two poles, most of us flit from one to the other in a feverish quest for equilibrium. Sometimes we are pulled toward the debunkers by such a prime bit of work as "Elmer Gantry," only to be jerked back the next Sunday by a bang-up pulpit oration on the Beatitudes. Well, isn't that the fate of all middling-to-fair creatures whose logic and sentiment come out just about even, and who are not granted the special revelations that visit the apostles of Bunk and Debunk?

OF all crimes in the docket, forgery and embezzlement alone are on the absolute increase. Thefts by trusted employees are growing so common that bonding companies are worried, and public prosecutors have begun to ask for maximum sentences on first offenses.

As civilizations grow more complex, passional crimes decrease, and money becomes the motive, the be-all and end-all, of sins against society. At first glance, there seems to be no cure for money crimes. But investigation will show that every defalcating cashier was miserably underpaid! Forty dollars a week is no salary for a man who handles large sums of money, and when financial institutions learn to pay decent wages we believe that crimes against the Sacred Golden Cow will take a permanent drop.

IN the welter of modern program music which has begun to utilize the cacophonous racket of life in a great city, one sound has hitherto been omitted. Composers have imitated fire-sirens, locomotives and the clatter of restaurant dishes, but to our knowledge no one has yet introduced the sequence of traffic officer's whistle and the metallic squeal of unbuttered brakes. One can imagine Deems Taylor or George Gershwin working wonders with this material in the overture to a modernistic symphony entitled "Traffic on Fifth Avenue." Georges Barrere and his golden flute could adequately handle the "brake motif."

Gold Horns and Sandals

In Which the Romantic and the Commonplace Once Again Fight It Out

Theodora Du Bois

It seemed almost as if the magic had been poured into the room. Enchantment and glamour and romance, poured out and beaten up with a great invisible golden spoon. Mixed with all sorts of other gay ingredients, swaying lanterns and music and festoons of white and gold and scarlet. And couples dancing in the most charming, most ridiculous of masquerade costumes. Laughter and a dash of perfume and a great splash of excitement, all beaten up into the most wonderful frothy, foamy batter. And outside, for icing, the smooth snow and sparkling stars and glittering clear coldness of the night.

But it is not good, after one has been dancing, to stand too long in the club doorway drinking in long breaths of coldness, even if the night wind does feel simply heavenly against one's hot cheeks. And the dyed cheese-cloth garment of a wood-nymph, even over a green silk slip, was never intended to withstand fifteen degrees above zero.

"Come in, you're shivering." Pan put his hand on the wood-nymph's arm, and it was in truth shivering quite badly.

"I'm not a bit cold," she defied him. "Come on, I'd like to run across the golf-links. It would be simply gorgeous. We could go like the wind."

For a second he was tempted. He saw himself running with her over the windy hills. On such a night you could snatch the stars from the sky and play ball with them, toss them glittering back and forth through the darkness, pull down the crescent moon and coast in it, rocking, down the snowy slopes.

"Come on," she said.

Then he looked at her feet and saw that they were shod in sandals and he thought of snow soaking through the holes of them and he thought of his own costume, brown tights and a tawny skin of Canton flannel, with black splotches painted on it. And his arms and neck were bare and a wreath of ivy-leaves is nothing at all as a head covering—so he said, "Come in by the fire, or I'll carry you in." And of course she obeyed at once, as if she were a docile small child.

And fortunately, remarkably, there was no one else in the reading-room by the fire. It happened to be smoking rather badly that evening, so perhaps that was the reason it was abandoned to the solitude of drowsing furniture and softly shaded lamps.

"I think there is no one in the

world who loves the smell of wood smoke in a room more than I do," the girl said.

"No," he replied, "there are two people at least who love it. I'm the other one. It's very comfortable here. Come and get warm at once."

They sank down in deep cushions on the divan, in deep warmth and pleasantness, and the fire crackled happily.

"I like your tunic," she said.

He looked down at it, proudly. "It's the skin of a very savage beast. The Canton flannel. I tracked it to its lair in the basement of Shark & Markhaus. We had a fearful combat. You kill it with scissors. It's the only way."

She chuckled. "I should like to have seen the combat."

"You like rather queer things, don't you," he said, "such as smoky fires and chasing over golf-links in sandals and cheese-cloth at midnight?"

"But wouldn't it have been glorious!" Her voice was wistful.

"It would." They looked at each other and laughed. She was quite charming with a lovely impish sort of face, and brown short hair brushed straight back from her forehead into a mop of wildness.

"What other queer things do you like?" he asked.

"Oh, I've all my life wanted to own an elephant!"

"No!" he said. "I've always thought that I was the only person in town who yearned for an elephant."

"Couldn't we get one and own it together? It would be perfect. We could take turns riding it to the train mornings."

"And park it with the cars on High Street."

"And keep it—where could we keep it?" she said.

"Oh, in somebody's garage. And we'd buy a gold and scarlet howdah for it. You'd be perfect in a howdah."

"But not in a nymph's costume," she laughed.

"Horrors, no. It would have to be a gorgeous white silk robe thing all embroidered in jewels, and your pale hands would—"

"I haven't very pale hands." She spread nice capable-looking hands to the fire and said, "They're not like princess's hands at all."

"Who wants a princess," he scoffed. "I always wanted to marry somebody who would climb the Himalayas with me."

"Oh!" and she gave a bounce on the deep soft cushion. "I've been simply wild to climb the Himalayas ever since I read 'Kim.' I want to walk through them, you know, to walk up the great snowy shoulders of them and look down those precipices—"

"Look here," he said suddenly. "Who in the world are you? I didn't get your name at all when they introduced us, and I'm sure I've seen you on the train mornings."

"Don't ask," she said. "It isn't really me you see on the train mornings. I mean—it's only one of me. Don't you think everybody can change herself, have different selves like different dresses I mean, that she puts on for different occasions."

"Yes, of course," he agreed.

"Well, I'm a wood-nymph now, but I'm not a wood-nymph on the train in the mornings at all. You wouldn't like me."

"I'm not Pan on the trains, either. I'd be put off. What are you?"

"Oh, something very different—absolutely, totally, fundamentally different."

"I bet you're the wood-nymph all the time dressed up in blue serge or something."

"Oh, no," she said sadly.

"But I want to know, truly."

"It's dangerous. I'll vanish."

"I won't let you."

"Well then—my name's Jane Courtenay. Did you ever hear of a wood-nymph named Jane? No, and I didn't either. That name's been like a brown gingham dress on me all my life. The only reason I've had any fun to-night is because I've been pretending that my name was Thesbia."

"It has a nice sound to it."

"It's a gay name anyway. It's just the name for a wood-nymph. I'm perfectly desperate sometimes to get away from Jane Courtenay." Her voice sounded desperate. There were tears on the edges of it. "Sometimes I almost hate her. She's so calm and good and steady and dull and reliable. Jane! She'll never own an elephant or go climbing the Himalayas or run across the golf-links in cheese-cloth on winter nights. She'll never do anything but go to her deadly dull office in the city every morning, come home and get supper every night for her parents and go to bed afterward. And if she does marry she'll just be getting meals and going to bed early and getting up and getting meals and—"

"Stop—stop—you're wound up." He shook her shoulder and she gave a forlorn little chuckle.

"All right I'll stop. But it's true you know. We're all poured into molds. I'm a mold of a nice useful reliable suburban person, a white corn-starch sort of person, a regular 'Jane' sort of person."

"Oh, but you're not really!"

"Oh, yes I am. I thought to-night for one second that I could escape from it. If we *had* run off over the golf-links together, over the hills—"

"But it was snowy," he said very sadly.

"I know."

"And cold."

"Yes, too cold."

"It would have been crazy."

"Absolutely."

"But wonderful." They sighed.

Why was it that their enchanted night had flattened to such sadness. He felt among the curls of his black hair and began to dislodge a small golden horn.

"They're beastly uncomfortable," he said. "I stuck them on with spirit gum. I don't know how I'll ever get it out of my hair. It doesn't usually curl like this you know. I just rumpled it up to go with my costume."

"Don't apologize for your hair. I like it. And the horns are very becoming. What are they made of?"

"Paper, gilded."

"Paper horns," she said unhappily. "You see they're a symbol. All our nice wildness is just gold paper wildness."

"I wonder—gold paper wildness—and we missed the moment. My name is Thomas," he went on as one who confesses a black secret. "That's just as bad as Jane exactly. And they call me Tommy, Tommy Martin. I'm a lawyer but nobody

ever wants to bring any cases to me. I shall become a very stupid, very poor old man all alone in the back bedroom of a boarding-house. Perhaps I shall grow a little English ivy in a bottle on my window-sill to remember wreaths and Pan and things like that by. But there will be nobody who cares whether I live or die or go out without my rubbers—I shall die without ever having owned an elephant or having climbed the Himalayas. There will be nothing to remember but to-night—when we didn't run across the golf-links—"

Some one was at the doorway, a heavy voiced some one, a massive grotesque some one in a wrinkled Pierrot's costume, half of him red with white moons and half of him white with red moons, and a rumpled red tarlatan ruff around his neck.

"I've been looking all over for you, Jane," he said, and his voice was heavy with disapproval.

"Oh, Franklin, I'm so sorry. Good night, good-by, Mr. Martin."

"Good night," he said. "Good night, Thesbia." For a second she stood in the doorway startled. He remembered now. He had seen her in blue serge on the 8:14 train in the mornings. No, he would not say "good-by."

He couldn't always sit with her on the 8:14 in the mornings, although he always tried to. But usually the train was crowded and sometimes she sat with unknown strangers and sometimes, alas, she sat with "Franklin," who turned out to be even more obnoxious in a gray tweed suit than in a wrinkled Pierrot costume. He had been funny with red and white moons and rumpled ruff. But in his gray business suit he wasn't funny at all. He was far too solid and successful to be funny. He fairly radiated success and solidity, as if he had worn dollar signs painted all over him; and his personality so pervaded the next to the last car of the 8:14 that poor Tommy Martin's morning trips were apt to be thirty minute periods of acute torment and despair. Even on those radiant days when he did get the seat next to Jane Courtenay she usually read her paper and told him that he must read his from beginning to end if he even hoped to be any sort of a lawyer.

But the trouble was that Tommy Martin didn't really care about being much of a lawyer. He had always wanted to own a book-store, which, in his father's opinion, was as absurd as if he had confessed a longing to be a clam-digger. So he had become a lawyer to please his father, and after all he hadn't succeeded in pleasing him, for his father wanted him to be an exceptionally brilliant lawyer, which Tommy Martin obviously could never be. He was far too much interested in keeping poor unfortunate duffers out of prison, and as the poor unfortunates never had a red cent with which to bless themselves or Tommy, he went without an overcoat all winter and toward spring was getting along very nicely on two meals a day.

"You're too thin," Jane said to him one morning when he whisked into the seat beside her, ahead of the obnoxious Franklin. "You're simply haggard."

"That's all right," he said. "I'm saving money."

"What for?" And then she blushed. She was the rare and delightful kind of girl who can blush and she did it this time because she realized that she had asked him a question that she didn't want answered at all.

"I'm saving money to buy an elephant," he said.

"You'd much better buy an overcoat," and she regarded him reprovingly.

"No—it's too near spring. Who wants an overcoat in the springtime. You'll be taking off blue serge yourself soon, Jane, and putting on dyed cheese-cloth and sandals."

"You're forbidden to talk that way."

"I know. I don't often. I usually talk about the transit situation very intelligently indeed. You've taught me a lot about transit problems this winter."

"Franklin is very much interested in them."

"Yes, but Thesbia thinks they're all rot you know."

"She's dead," Jane said.

"Not a bit of it. She'll come to life when the first crocus opens. I have a thousand dollars, Jane. It's much too much to spend for an overcoat."

"You'd better buy a bond."

"Jane," he said, "I wish you'd look at me when I talk to you instead of looking out of the window."

"But I like to watch the river."

"Oh, very well then—all right. But I was taught by *my* mother to look in people's eyes when they talked to me." Still he couldn't blame her for wanting to watch the river. Their train raced along its banks breathlessly, passing stations and factories and tugboats and launches, and the river was blue and silvery in the morning sunlight and there were three small white clouds like fluffs of cotton in the sky. "I've been wanting to ask you something for a long time," he said. "Do you *have* to get your mother's and father's supper every night and go to bed early and get up and go to work and get supper? Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Well—maids are so high."

"But are they so high that your father and mother can't reach them?"

"I suppose not, really, if we could find the right one. But they're so unsatisfactory these days. We never can find one who can make good soups and graham muffins and father can't live without them."

"It has been done." Jane had never realized before that he really had a very determined jaw when he set it. "Freedom," he declared "is much better even than good soups and graham muffins, Jane."

"But freedom is an illusion," she said. "It's foolishness. You never can be free—unless you have money—"

"You're all wrong," he replied. "All the money in the world couldn't make you free if your spirit were bound. And you could be free as air with ten cents in your pocket."

"Oh well—freedom—" she said. "It's all nonsense anyway. You don't want it for more than a minute. It's sheer foolishness that makes you think you want to run across the golf-links in cheese-cloth and sandals—"

"Don't talk about it," he pleaded, "I can't bear to be reminded of what I lost when I didn't do it."

"But it would have been perfectly mad," she said, and she meant it. "We'd have caught pneumonia. I think I was quite crazy that night anyway."

"No you weren't," he said, "you were just letting the real self out of you. I wish you'd wear your hair like that every day."

"I couldn't wear any hats then." You can't wear even bobbed hair brushed up and back into a wild mop and hope to wear a hat on top of it. Jane's hair was tamed, as it had to be, and brushed smoothly and hidden beneath a nice little black felt hat, and her dark blue suit and squirrel-fur collar were charming and becoming. And her brown eyes were clear and honest, and in the mornings on the train there wasn't the slightest trace of an imp's gleam in their depths.

"Perhaps you should know," she said, "that I am going to marry Franklin Henderson. I told him I wanted two months to decide, but—"

"Have you thought of the high hills of the Himalayas?"

"He is going to build a red-brick Dutch Colonial house on the northwest corner next to father's lawn."

"And where will you keep the elephant?"

"We'll have an electric ice-box and an oil-furnace—"

"And you'll continue to make good soups and graham muffins for ever and ever and perhaps if you're very good you'll be allowed to go on making them in heaven."

"Oh don't," she pleaded. "I can take such good care of father and mother, and Franklin is a really very nice person."

"That's true. But in the first place your parents are perfectly well and don't need all this elaborate being taken care of, and in the second place he may be a nice person, so's Santa Claus a nice person, but I'd hate to have you marrying Santa Claus. He's not your type."

"Oh, but I should think he'd be lots of fun to marry."

"Thesbia's coming alive again," he said with delight, and they laughed and a man in the seat ahead of them turned around from his newspaper and glared, for they were far too light-hearted for a train where you are supposed to discuss only transit problems and the newest murder and who will be the next mayor.

But Tommy Martin was not light-hearted. He felt as if some one had stuck a very long, very sharp, very shining sword into him. In fact, as he got off the train he almost expected to see the sword's handle sticking out in front of him like the end of the gold arrow in that pleasant story by Mr. Morley. And that reminded him of the fact that perhaps Jane would like that story, or rather, Jane would think it nonsense, but Thesbia would adore it. And if only he could in some way arouse Thesbia! *She* was not at all the type of person for Franklin Henderson to marry. It was an altruistic duty for Tommy to prevent such mismating. Thesbia in a red-brick Dutch Colonial house with an electric ice-box and an oil-furnace! It was absurd enough to amuse him even with the sword sticking in him so achingly. In the meantime he would go around and get that delightful book.

They knew him in the book-shop.

They knew him and liked him and were quite aware that he spent far too much of his money there. But he was one of those people who always will spend too much money in a book-store no matter what, so there's nothing to do about it. They couldn't shove him from their doors and say, "You don't really need another book, run along and buy some good warm gloves instead." It isn't done. So he went in and sat on the counter and talked to them and they did up his book and addressed it to Miss Jane Courtenay, and one of them, the one with the red hair and a dress with Russian peasant embroidery said:

"Look here, we have a scheme for you. Give up your law for the summer and drive a book caravan for us through New England. It won't be munificent, but it's a living and it's fun. You can take somebody with you if you want. There'll be two bunks. Here—what are you doing?"

He had grabbed the red-ink bottle and was pouring a little, very solemnly on the floor before him.

"A libation," he said, "to the gods!—oh, gods, I apologize, but it's the best I can do in place of wine. Oh, wonderful—oh, glorious—oh, next best thing to the Himalayas and an elephant."

"The man is mad," the red-headed one said and soaked up the ink from the floor with a blotter. "Mad as a hatter. Will you accept our offer?"

"Will I? With bells on!" and he rushed wildly from the store.

But this time he laid his plans warily, for he must make no misstep. This time, if romance came within reach he would not let her glistening robes slip through his fingers and vanish over the hills of the night. Before Jane Courtenay he maintained a calm and placid demeanor; and, if he sat in the seat with her going to the city, he read his paper industriously, not only the amusing columns and reviews of plays and books, but also the editorials and the long dry accounts of transit problems, and oil and mergers and foreign-debt policies and even the stock lists sometimes—to impress her, for he didn't know one stock from another nor did he care. Nor did he pursue her too ardently. Sometimes he reined himself into a maddening slowness and deliberately let Franklin sit in the seat beside her. And he stopped going to her house at night or on Sunday afternoons. As a matter of fact those calls had always been most utter failures, because Mr. Courtenay had taken an unfortunate aversion to the shape of his head. He thought, so Jane confessed to Tommy, that his bumps denoted an impulsive and unreliable artistic temperament. He said, moreover, that he wouldn't trust that young Martin across the street with Hoot Mon's breakfast. Hoot Mon was the dog. So, calls beneath Mr. Courtenay's baleful eye lacked a certain spontaneity and joy, and Tommy decided to bide his time.

And as for Thesbia, poor girl, she might indeed have been dead and buried and wild grasses blowing over her grave for all the notice he gave to her. That was a part of his deep-laid scheming too.

But one day he came perilously near to disaster, in fact quite to the verge of the destruction of all his plans.

It was a spring morning, a blue and gold morning, a morning when the forsythia bush of the station-master's wife was waving myriads of yellow bells in the wind. If you stood quite still near the bush you could almost hear them chiming. It was a morning when small birds rushed about in a frenzy of excited house-hunting. And Jane had on a new green suit and hat.

"It's the prettiest thing I've ever seen you in—except once," Tommy said as they walked up and down the platform together. The 8:14 was late. "And you've new gloves too. I see there isn't any bump on your ring finger. The two months aren't up yet are they?"

"No—not for ten days more."

"Then I breathe again."

"Oh, but I've decided that I'm going to."

"But you can't, you mustn't," he implored. "It will be horrible. You don't love him."

"Love is an illusion. I like him very much."

"But it's me you love." Even though he realized that he was spoiling everything, he couldn't help it. He wanted dreadfully to kiss her, there on the station platform. He couldn't face the desolation of a life without her, and he a lonely old man in a boarding-house back bedroom. Her brown hair curved out from under her hat enchantingly. If he looked at her lips he would kiss hers right there in the face of the crowd and Franklin Henderson and the baggage-man and the twittering birds and every one—

"It would be the craziest thing in the world for us to marry. We wouldn't have a cent," she said.

"But you'll be so *dull* with him! I mean, life will; Thesbia will *never* stand a red-brick Dutch Colonial house and good soups and graham muffins and playing bridge and dusting furniture and making dresses and going to board meetings. She'll make you run away sometime and there'll be a terrific scandal in the papers—'Prominent Society Matron runs over snow-covered golf-links in cheese-cloth and sandals.' You'll never be able to satisfy Thesbia with oil-furnaces."

"There is no such person. She's dead long ago," Jane said firmly, but she looked worried.

"Now I tell you—" And then the train came and they had to get on and it was crowded and they couldn't sit together. Probably it was just as well, for Tommy's time had not yet come.

When his time did come it was a night hung with stars, and a cool new moon above black branches and laced leaves of elm-trees, a night when young frogs peeped in ponds beyond the hills. Wind had shaken out soft fragrances, smells of moist earth and fresh young green things. And a mist had spread a white veil over the lawns. It was a night when it was desecration to be washing supper dishes in a rather dingy kitchen with worn linoleum on the floor and a calendar of a girl milking a cow on the wall.

"Come out a minute. I have something to show you." Tommy Martin stood at the kitchen door and Jane stacked the last of the dishes in the drying-rack and poured hot water over them.

"What is it?" she asked, drying

her hands. She was tired, and life tasted flat and savorless, as oatmeal when the cook has left the salt out.

"Something nice," he said. "It's cool, better put your coat on."

But it wasn't very cool really, at least not cool enough for him to worry about her needing a coat.

She followed him down the path, around the front of the house between dark lilac-bushes, and a blossom brushed her cheek. He led her out to the sidewalk where a car stood beneath a street-lamp. It was a queer sort of closed car like a small gipsy van.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Get in. I'll tell you."

So she got in, up in the front seat and he stepped up beside her and started the engine and they were off with cool winds blowing against their foreheads.

"Now tell me," she said.

"Well, it's a book caravan," he said. His voice trembled a bit and his words tumbled over themselves in an excited jumble, like a child's on Christmas morning. "It's my new job. It has two bunks inside as well as books and an iron kettle and cups and spoons and absolutely all the things you need to keep house with. We'll stop and buy bits of meat and onions and tomatoes and potatoes and make fires by the roadside and cook the most delicious stews in the world, at dusk, in the wood smoke; and then we'll go on and sell books to everybody in all the towns we pass through. We'll make mints of money—we'll go to the fountain of youth and bathe in it and we'll follow the rainbow to its end, and we'll ride unicorns over the hills—"

"Tommy Martin," she said sternly, "what are you doing?"

"I'm eloping with Thesbia," he said. "I'm rescuing her from Jane and dishes and dusters and graham muffins and Franklin Henderson. You can telephone your parents any minute you want to and tell them. You can get old Hannah Smiley to go in to-morrow and cook for them. You can get out at the next town and give me to the police if you want to. But I'm taking you to my aunt's in Hartford where we can be married—"

"And then?" she said.

"And then we'll get in the car and never stop till we get to the Himalayas."

"The Himalayas? Who would buy books in the Himalayas?"

"Well then, the Berkshires. They're just as good. There's a police station. Do you want to stop and hand me over for kidnapping you?" He slowed the car before a grim building with a green light in front of it. "Will Jane go back or will Thesbia come on to my aunt's?"

"I think, Tommy darling, that Thesbia will go on."

They kissed each other and narrowly escaped ramming a hydrant and then drove on beneath the singing stars.

DICTIONARIES

The Race Between the Language and the Lexicographer

H. G. EMERY

THE English dictionary as we know it to-day, with its vocabulary of English words explained in English, is a work of comparatively late development in the long period of growth of the English language itself.

Before the end of the sixteenth century there had appeared in England bilingual, trilingual and even quadrilingual dictionaries, designed primarily to help English-speaking persons to an understanding of Latin, French and other foreign languages. Only with the beginning of the seventeenth century was there recognized the need for a dictionary which should help Englishmen to a better knowledge of their own language. Once recognized, however, the need was supplied. Scholars responded with lexicographical aid in successive books of increasing size, scope or pretensions. Favored works were able to come out afresh in revised and enlarged editions. By the latter half of the eighteenth century the all-English dictionary was an institution, with a vogue and an authority that have steadily increased to the present day.

In America, the first English dictionary written by an American—Samuel Johnson, Jr., who was in no way connected with the great English lexicographer Dr. Samuel Johnson—was published in New Haven at the close of the eighteenth century. Since that time this country has taken an ever-increasing part in the making of dictionaries of the English language.

A glance passing from one of the earliest English dictionaries to one of the latest unabridged will be all that is needed to show that in the last three hundred years considerable progress has been made in the field of lexicography. The English dictionaries of the early part of the seventeenth century were small books, explaining at the most a few thousand words, in some cases with a small amount of added mythological, biographical and other information; they were much less extensive than the vest-pocket dictionaries of the present. The unabridged dictionaries of to-day are enormous single volumes, or elaborate works in a number of large volumes, which contain definitions of hundreds of thousands of entries, with much additional information.

The growth from the small dictionaries of the early seventeenth century to the large ones of to-day has been a slow and gradual process. There has been an increase not only in the number of words entered, but

also in the amount and kinds of information given about them, and notably in the variety of senses distinguished for individual words.

In early works such as that of Cockeram (1623) only "hard" words are entered, and they are explained by very short and artlessly simple definitions. In Blount's "Glossographia" (1656), also dealing only with difficult words, etymologies have become a part of the dictionary. In the work of Bailey (1721), the first attempt is made to include a complete collection of all English words; and in his later editions indication of the stress in pronunciation is introduced.

In Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous dictionary, the first edition of which appeared in 1755 in two folio volumes, are introduced illustrative quotations from standard English works and authors. Individual words are treated in a number of separate definitions, each followed by quotations illustrating the precise sense involved.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, in several different works, the complete pronunciation of words —not merely the stress-accent—is first given; notably in the dictionary of Sheridan (1780), and in that of Walker (1791).

So much for the chief improvements gradually introduced into the English dictionary and retained as features of all the large works of to-day. In addition, there have been a number of other contributions, found in some of the great modern works and not in others, including the syllabication of the head-words, the addition of descriptive encyclopedic matter to such definitions as seem to merit it, the use of pictorial illustrations to supplement the definitions, the listing and discussion of synonyms and antonyms for such words as admit of them, and the entry and definition, either in the body of the dictionary or in supplements, of proper names occurring in mythology, history, fiction, biography, geography and various other fields.

Throughout the history of dictionary-making there have been two views of the proper function of the lexicographer. The first is that it is his duty to set a standard of usage, admitting to his dictionary only such words and senses as may be considered worthy, in accordance with the literary canons of the time, and thus to fix the language. Dr. Johnson, in compiling his dictionary, was largely guided by this principle. The same idea was involved in the founding in Italy in 1582, and in France in 1635, of academies charged with the improvement and establishment of the languages of those countries—a task which they endeavored to accomplish by issuing approved dictionaries. The second view, and that which has gained ascendancy in England and America, especially since the middle of the nineteenth century, is that it is the business of the lexicographer to record all words and senses, just as he finds them, or at least all that are taken up by the public and continue in use, and not to pick and choose among them as to their ascribed merits; that is, he should be a historian, not a critic. It is due in great measure to the influence of this idea, and to the freedom of lexicographers

in England and America from the dictates of any critical body, that the English dictionary is what it is to-day, and that it has grown in size so remarkably in comparatively recent times.

The English language throughout its history has never stood still, and the lexicographer's problems have always been largely the same when he considered all the words of the language and acted as a historian rather than a critic. The growth of the language, it is true, has been more rapid since the beginning of the great modern advances in the sciences and arts, and modern lexicographers have had more new material to deal with than those of earlier periods. But a consideration of what confronts a present-day dictionary-maker will give a fairly good idea of what has confronted his predecessors.

The lexicographer who sits down to-day to make a new English dictionary, or to bring an older one up to date, has before him a great mass of material recorded by earlier workers in the field. How he shall handle this material is a matter that he may decide in any of various ways. But the real growth of the dictionary to-day is only secondarily involved in the matter. He may decide to give a fuller or more detailed and analytical treatment of the older material than his predecessors, or to incorporate more of the older dialectal, scientific or other material, or to introduce some new lexicographic improvement; but with the stage of development already reached by the great modern dictionaries—Webster's, the Standard, the Century and the Oxford—he will find little opportunity for innovation or practical improvement as to the older material, except as it may need to be brought up to date. His part in the growth of the dictionary will probably consist largely in dealing with the new words and senses that are daily coming into the language.

This new material is of many different kinds, and comes from a variety of sources. We read of some new invention, discovery or theory, and its name—as *vitaphone*, *insulin* or *relativity*—immediately becomes an object of the lexicographer's attention. In the various sciences, arts and industries, new words are constantly coming into existence, which sooner or later become matter for the lexicographer. And there are a number of comparatively new industries or independent sciences, each of which has added to the language a vocabulary of its own, with the development of which the lexicographer must keep in touch. There is, for example, the automobile, which, used by a few at the beginning of the present century, is now an important feature in our daily life; its contributions to the language are numerous. There is aviation, with a similar history, and with various special dictionaries of its own. There is radio, a mushroom industry, and science as well, whose devotees far outnumber those even of the automobile; many are the new words it has added to the language during its brief history, and strange and weird words at that. And, in a somewhat different category, there is psychoanalysis, another new-comer among the sciences, with an ever-increasing vocabulary whose mean-

ing is not always clear to the uninstructed.

New words of a general nature, or not intimately connected with any particular science, art or industry, are also constantly coming into the language. Some of these, as, for instance, the present-day words *columnist*, *fundamentalism*, *lip-stick* and *superpower*, are coined to supply a need, and at once take their places among the accepted words of the language. Others are used only colloquially, or are unmistakably slang. Even so, the lexicographer must deal with them, unless they are so trivial or vulgar as to seem unworthy of a general dictionary, however proper they may be for compilations of slang. Often, however, words and expressions that are at first entered in the dictionary as colloquial or slang outlive such characterization, and eventually become perfectly good members of the standard vocabulary.

These colloquial and slang terms constitute one of the largest groups of new words coming into use to-day. Colloquial terms—used in familiar conversation, but not regarded as sufficiently dignified for formal speech or writing—are of a somewhat higher standing than slang. Many words and senses are near the borderline between the two groups, and the lexicographer is sometimes forced, in indicating their status, to fall back on the straddling designation "colloquial or slang," familiar to all users of the dictionary. Many of these terms spring up naturally in the ordinary course of the development of the language. Some are transferred or figurative uses of ordinary words, perceived to have some happy significance—such as *sheik*, for a lady-killer (from a novel of the same name), or *hound*, for a person constantly pursuing a particular object of liking (as in *rum-hound*). Some are invented words, or intentionally specialized uses of other words, employed by a particular person and later taken up and used by the public more or less generally; examples are *scofflaw*, for one who defies the prohibition law, and *bromide*, for one given to stupid platitudes. Writers of advertisements are large contributors to this last class, as are also the sports writers.

Another steadily increasing group of words making its way into the general dictionary is that of dialectal, provincial, and local words and expressions. Despite the fact that our large general dictionaries claim to include all the words of the language, in all their senses, actually they do not. There are hundreds of words and senses used in particular dialects, or occurring in more or less extensive provincial use, or current in particular localities, that have received little or no attention from the general lexicographer. He may even have ignored them as adding too much to his labors and to the size of the dictionary, while at the same time being of little importance to the public. These statements refer more particularly to the provincial and local uses of the United States than to those of the British Isles. The British dialects have been studied and recorded much more fully than our own, and the results incorporated in the great "English Dialect Dictionary" of Joseph

Wright, published between 1898 and 1905—a work drawn on very heavily by both British and American lexicographers. The American Dialect Society has for years been encouraging the collection of lists of local words and uses, which it printed, while looking forward to the publication of a general American dialect dictionary. And all interested in the study of English are glad to know that a dictionary of American English, which will endeavor to cover all local uses, is now actually in course of preparation. However, more and more of these dialectal, provincial and local words are being brought to the attention of the public by novelists and short-story writers dealing with particular localities and reproducing the local speech. When such words—*hillbilly*, *hoosegow*, *loco*, and the like—meet the reader's eye, they are likely to move him to inquiry. The wise lexicographer answers—or if possible forestalls—such inquiries, by entering and explaining the terms in his dictionary at the first convenient opportunity. Thus the new-comers take their place in general record.

A large number of the additions to the English dictionary come from foreign languages. The traveler writes about his experiences, and uses various native words. He tells of practices, institutions, animals, plants, and other things for which we have no name in English, and for which he therefore uses the native name—*safari*, *tsetse*, *hula-hula*, *poi* or *lei*. A single use of such a word would not necessitate its inclusion in an English dictionary; but as one writer after another continues to use it, the reading public calls for an explanation, and in time the word becomes a naturalized member of the language and a necessary part of the dictionary. Commerce and international trade relations are other sources of new words brought from all parts of the earth, including names of commodities and moneys. Wars also bring about foreign additions to a language, and the World War was no exception; in 1914 we had not heard of the words *boche* and *camouflage*, which are now found in all up-to-date dictionaries. But the newspapers, with their correspondents in various parts of the world, and the magazines, with articles on foreign affairs and international politics, are to-day the chief contributors of foreign words to the English language. Steadily newspaper correspondents have been introducing to our attention such terms as *bloc*, *cartel*, *Dail*, *Fascisti* and *swaraj*, which soon find their way into our dictionaries.

Another group of new words, one which makes much trouble for the lexicographer, is that consisting of proprietary names registered as trade-marks. These are names adopted by manufacturers to distinguish their products from the products of other makers, and are protected as a kind of business property, often of great value, by governmental registration. All such names are of course owned words, not public property—not ordinary words of the language. A number of them, however, are names for common articles in everyday use, known virtually to everybody, and as such are used with the same freedom as are the words of ordinary conversation. To the average man

their origin and status are unknown; he does not distinguish between them and other words, and he expects to find them defined in his dictionary. How many persons know, for example, that the words *aspirin*, *celluloid*, *dictaphone*, *dictograph*, *insulin*, *mah-jongg*, *neutrodyne*, *photostat*, *tabasco*, *tabloid* and *vitaphone* are, or had their origin as, trade-marks? Sometimes these proprietary names give rise to new uses not covered by the trade-mark registration. For instance, the word *kodak* is a trade-mark for a particular type of photographic camera, but there has been formed from it the verb *kodak*, meaning to photograph with a kodak. The word *tabloid* is a trade-mark for a compressed portion of drugs or chemicals, but it has been extended by the public to various things in compressed, condensed or small form, especially of late to small-sized newspapers largely pictorial; and it is also commonly employed as an adjective with a corresponding signification, as in such expressions as "a tabloid drama." The lexicographer is not concerned with the great mass of trade-mark names, but only with those that are in frequent use. He cannot even enter all of these in his dictionary, but he must consider individually each new candidate, and determine whether its use is such that it actually requires inclusion in his book. If he thinks it does, he must not only describe accurately the article represented by the name, but he must also protect the owner by stating that the word is a proprietary one, not available for general commercial use. It may be said, in passing, that most owners of such names recognize that their inclusion in dictionaries, with express mention of their proprietary status, is a useful caution against wrongful appropriation. As may be readily imagined, the number of new words of this proprietary class is steadily increasing, and the task of dealing with them is occupying more and more of the lexicographer's time.

While both new words and new senses of older words have been mentioned, reference has been made chiefly to the new words. But new senses of words already in existence form a large part of the additions to the dictionary. Occasionally some new sense comes in from an extraneous source, as in case of a Gallicism, which adds a French meaning to some established English word; or sometimes, even, the entire group of senses accepted as belonging to a word may exhibit little known or clear relation among themselves. But ordinarily the additions to the meaning of a word come by natural growth or extension.

The study of the sense-development of words is a very interesting one. It forms part of the science of "semasiology" or "semantics," which deals with meanings in general. If one should select some long-lived word in one of the larger dictionaries and trace it from its original meaning, observing how one sense develops from another, he might feel himself repaid by the interest of the facts discovered. This process of development has been going on in the language ever since Anglo-Saxon times, and it is going on to-day more rapidly than ever before. The lexicographer in dealing with a new sense of an existing word, if his dictionary

follows the common principle of arranging senses in the order of their derivation and development from the original source, must not only define the new sense properly, but connect it with the sense from which it has come.

It may be worth while to mention a few senses of comparatively recent appearance in the development of some well-known English words, in order to show the variety of such cases. For example, *gesture* has meant a movement of the body, or of the hand or some other part of the body, to express thought, feeling or meaning; it has lately taken on the added sense of any action or proceeding intended for effect or to impress others. *Intrigue*, as a verb, has meant to involve in intricacies or complications, also to force by intrigue or underhand machinations; but in recent years there have been added, from the French, the senses of to puzzle, and to excite the curiosity or interest of (a person) by puzzling, novel, or otherwise arresting qualities—these senses being later supplemented by loose extensions of meaning in certain literary and other special jargon. *Modernism* has meant a modern usage or characteristic, also modern character or tendencies; in recent years it has come to denote primarily a tendency or movement in modern thought characterized by the use of independent critical methods in dealing with theological questions, and in contrast to it the new word *fundamentalism* has been coined. *Vampire* has long meant a reanimated corpse or some other preternatural being supposed to suck the blood of sleeping persons at night; but some years ago Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem called "The Vampire" referring to a woman, and now the word is applied to any woman who preys on men or feeds her vanity at their expense; while in addition the abbreviated slang form *vamp* is used, which in its turn has been followed by a verb *vamp*, which also is familiar to us in slang use. Mr. Kipling, commenting on this last example of extended meaning, said in a recent letter to the writer of this article: "It is curious how a word wriggles itself into use. *Vampire* was a perfectly good word, for example, till I wrote some verses to a picture of that name, and—the Movies did the rest, I suppose!"

Since the time of Dr. Johnson the importance of quotations in the making of the dictionary has grown steadily. Just as he used them to show the ground for his definitions and to make the meaning clearer by examples of actual usage, so have all the larger dictionaries used them since his day. But the great Oxford English Dictionary carries the idea still further; it has been prepared on historical principles, with the definitions based almost entirely on quotations gathered from the writings and publications of all periods, thus exhibiting the development of the words in recorded use. It actually prints about two million quotations.

The Oxford Dictionary is a great scholarly work in a number of large volumes, selling at a price beyond the means of many and being perhaps beyond their needs. Its methods could not be carried out fully in any dictionary intended for the general public; nevertheless, its princi-

ple is the right one, and is adopted by most dictionary-makers of the present day in writing the definitions of new words and senses. That is, these definitions are based on quotations. The quotations may or may not be printed in the dictionary, as determined by its methods, the space available or other considerations; but the lexicographer who is doing original work, and not merely borrowing from his competitors, must employ examples of recent usage gathered in a reading of the books, magazines and newspapers of the day. These examples are copied or clipped from their sources, the sources are indicated, and the slips or cards containing them are filed in alphabetical order, awaiting the time when the definition-writer may need them.

To one actively engaged in the making of dictionaries and really interested in his task, there is no end of the day's work, for new words and new senses of old words will come to his notice wherever he goes and in whatever he reads. In the speech of the people about him he will constantly hear new expressions. On sign-boards and fences, and in the titles of moving-picture films, he will see new words that he will wish to jot down. Every book or periodical that he picks up is a possible source of some new word. His job claims a part of his time no matter what he is doing. And it is not only the lexicographer himself who is the victim of this obsession, for there are many students of words similarly affected, who make a practice of gathering new material and sending it to the editors of the large dictionaries.

This constant coining of new words and formation of new senses has both its advantages and its disadvantages for the lexicographer. It provides him with widely diversified, interesting work, but work that never ends. He can never finish his dictionary so that it is truly complete, for new words are appearing while the book is on the press. No matter how conscientious and thorough he may have been in his labors, his book will require revision and additions in a very short time if it is to keep up with the growth of the language. A particular definition may have been worded to cover a variety of recorded uses, and even to permit of further application in analogous cases; and then, as soon as it has appeared in print, the lexicographer may find to his dismay, in his morning newspaper, entirely new uses that will render his definition wholly inadequate. And so he must write a new definition, and substitute it in the proper electrotype plate before the dictionary is next reprinted. Or, soon after his dictionary has been put on the market, some new word, perhaps the name of some new and important invention, may be seen in newspapers and magazines throughout the country and be heard in common talk. Owners of the dictionary —yes, sometimes even owners of earlier editions, unmindful of the flight of time—write to the publisher to ask, in surprise, sorrow, reproach or indignation, "Why do I not find this word in your book?" A really important new word must of course be attended to as soon as possible; the electrotype plate in which it belongs is cut and the new-comer is crowded in by taking space from

neighboring definitions, or else it is included in a supplement of new words and senses.

This process of change and addition goes steadily on until, by the time it becomes practicable, financially and otherwise, to rewrite and reset the whole dictionary, many of the original plates of the book have been reduced to patchwork, or the supplement has grown to be a lesser dictionary in itself. Eventually a new edition is decided on, and readers are set to work to gather fresh material. The existing text is carefully examined and brought up to date; great masses of new material are added; specialists are retained to define new words in their respective fields; inquiries are sent out to inventors, manufacturers, original coiners of terms and other authorities, in the effort to obtain accurate information for use in defining particular words; and finally a new dictionary is brought out, in which are included thousands of new words and uses which have come into existence since the previous edition appeared. And then the same process starts again on its round. Truly, the work of the lexicographer is never-ending! Before he can complete the material listed in his dictionary under the letter Z that under the letter A is already behind the times.

JAPANESE MAIDENHAIR-TREES

Bronx Park—Autumn

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I saw you, beautifully thinned,
  Like delicate, spun-gold candelabra
Touched by the autumn wind;
  And out of your stillness there came a voice,
As of one who had never sinned.

How did you come, from the dust of the years,
  With your fragile, impermanent loveliness,
So close to our city of tears—
  So close to the panic and pain of Manhattan,
And close to its sorrow and fears?

O sweet! O more than heavenly sweet,
  You bless not only the border whereon you stand;
You bless for me now and forever each dingy street.
  You light, as with magical candles,
The paths of our dark city that eternally wait for my feet.

Your Theater in Our Country

An English Critic's Cheerful Criticism

James Agate

Some years ago certain New Yorkers came to London, saw the Strand, and determined to conquer it. To this end a theater was taken, trumpeters were hired, and high-pitched fanfares blown. The enterprise failed, London remained unconquered, and our visitors shook the dust of this city from their patent-leather boots. A few years ago a second onslaught was made upon English appreciation. Multiple interests in the bricks and mortar of stageland were acquired or threatened, and the stage-world of London felt again the apprehension of coast-dwellers during the Napoleonic Wars. This time the invasion was of considerable strength. The big attack was launched at His Majesty's Theatre on February 3, 1926.

I have a vivid recollection of the first night of "The Student Prince," —the babel of romantic accents and panorama of Romany noses, the picketing by mild and gentle police officers of what it was feared might prove a turbulent gallery. I remember the undefined and undefinable feeling of hostility to the new management, and how the handful of English present moved about the familiar lounges circumspectly, as became the inhabitants of a conquered country.

Well, that was the atmosphere of that never-to-be-forgotten first-night, and the piece failed, for the simple reason that there was nothing in it to succeed. It is true that the general strike took place about this time, but against this we must put the fact that the real successes saw the strike out and won through. The next, one heard, was that our would-be conquerors had folded up their pocket-books and silently stolen away. The invasion of London was over, and we breathed again. We breathed happily and freely because our visitors had contrived to convey the impression that they were invading this country not for this country's good but for their own. They made us feel that what they were after was not our pleasure but their profit. A large part of the success of Daly and Frohman was due to the impression they gave that they had something which it would delight us greatly to see. Whereas their successors did not come over telling benighted Britishers of the wonderful plays with which America was teeming, and which, could we but know of them, we must be dying to see. They did not announce a list of pieces and the intention of finding a theater or theaters in which to present them. Instead they announced, or allowed

to be announced, the purchase or semi-purchase of certain theaters, and said nothing about the plays. It was the parade of theater-capture which made us nervous as to a possible tyranny of monopoly. The heralded victory and subsequent failure of "The Student Prince" caused a sensation entirely out of proportion to its merits or lack of them. My view is that the Messrs. Shubert did more than defeat themselves, for I am persuaded that in the absence of this ill-fated venture the American theater would during the past year have received a more kindly welcome in this country than we have found it in our hearts to bestow upon it.

Let me say here that I know nothing of these gentlemen who, I am convinced, in private life are possessed of every virtue and charm. It is necessary that I should state here that in England each newspaper has, in addition to its critical wasp, an industrial bee whose duty it is to gather the honey of managerial intention. This bee is to be found buzzing in greenrooms, theater-bars, and actors' clubs. He is the indefatigable button-holer. Often the honey is sent to him direct to his newspaper office, and the more stupid insect prints it without his personal impress. But intelligent or stupid, the gossip who remains uncontradicted is accounted the bearer of authentic news. When I say that the Messrs. Shubert gave this or that impression, or announced this or that intention, I mean that they did not contradict announcements and intentions attributed to them by the writers of theatrical gossip. Any account of the American theater in London must not overlook a certain prejudice of which the promoters of "The Student Prince" were the doubtless innocent cause. It is probable that their intentions were misinterpreted. But, interpreted correctly or otherwise, they caused great uneasiness in the minds of those interested in what one might call the politics of the theater in this country.

It must not be thought that the average playgoer was equally affected. The Britisher may bring to the theater himself and his dress-clothes, his wife and her diamonds; but he resolutely refuses to bring either of their intellects. That being so, he has no mind to carry over from one play to another. He does not know that the theater can have any politics, and is no more concerned with the syndicates behind the season's plays than he is with the profit-and-loss accounts of the breweries which provide him with his daily glass of beer. We have an old proverb to the effect that while "some beer is better than others" there is no bad beer. So to the average man, though some plays may be better than others, there is no such thing as a bad play. The British theater-goer has an open mind because it would take too much intellectual effort to close it. England is a free country because to make it otherwise would entail too much trouble. For this reason as much as for any other it has always been the dumping-ground of political refugees, cheap goods, and cheap adaptations of foreign plays. Throughout the miserable forties and fifties, in the empty period which

followed Bulwer-Lytton and Sheridan Knowles and lasted until the coming of Tom Robertson, the English theater was ruled by the French, the stock piece in all its myriad transformations being what Professor Morley, writing in 1858, wittily called "*Pomme Pourrie* by MM. Péché and Bonbon." But besides laziness the English have an undoubted love of liberty, and plays and players of any reasonable merit have always been welcome in this country, whatever their nationality.

The first American play to make a real success in England was Bronson Howard's five-act farce "Saratoga," produced in New York in 1869, anglicized and condensed into three acts by Frank Marshall, re-named "Brighton," and acted in London in 1874 by Charles Wyndham. Other noteworthy plays were William Gillette's "Secret Service," Augustus Thomas's "Arizona," "Alabama," and "The Earl of Pawtucket," Clyde Fitch's "The Last of the Dandies" and "The Woman in the Case," and the ubiquitous "Potash and Perlmutter." We may note in passing that the earlier American plays had their action and characters transferred to England, whereas the later ones were allowed to retain their American coloring. Throughout this period, and indeed during the first sixty years of the last century, so many English pieces made the first voyage to America that we have the authority of Mr. Brander Matthews for saying that the theater of our cousins was devoted mainly to British plays and adaptations. In the exchange of actors, America was the more generous, sending us Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, the two Hacketts, J. S. Silsbee, Edwin Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, Anna Cora Mowatt, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Ada Rehan, always recognized in this country as an American. All of them acted and behaved with distinction over here, and none of them played the fool like our own Edmund Kean, who, on his first visit to America, exchanged the scepter of Shakspere's kings for the tomahawk of the Red Indian, and allowed himself to be nominated chief of a Huron tribe. We must console ourselves with the thought that these follies were more than redeemed by the ponderous sublimities of the next visitor, William Charles Macready, and the Mephistophelean charm of Henry Irving. It will be recognized therefore that the exchange of international courtesies is of long standing, and it cannot possibly be suggested that there is any legacy or inheritance of ill-will. Perhaps the situation will be clearer if I say that the status of the visitors was clearly understood on both sides to be that of visitors and not invaders. The first managers to make a planned attack upon London favor were Charles Frohman and Augustin Daly. Frohman, whose aim in the first instance was esthetic, conducted the affair on give-and-take lines, ultimately settling down to the business of bringing successful New York pieces to London, and taking to New York plays which had proved prosperous in London. Daly, after butchering Shakspere to his heart's content and ostensibly to the satisfaction of Ada Rehan, whose art he also dismembered, left us the theater of his name which is now the shrine of the Imbecile Goddess and Capitol

of London's geese. To-day Daly's Theatre is the home of musical comedy.

Between the end of the World War and the second Shubert offensive a number of attempts, all of the friendliest nature, were made by American playwrights and players to storm the London public. And very ingenious attempts too, since in some of the American pieces the services of popular English players were enlisted—hordes of America's crookedest detective-dramas were performed by shoals of our straightest players—and American artists came over to star in English plays. Among the Americans who have starred in London in both English and American pieces I must mention Mr. John Barrymore in "Hamlet" (supported by an all-English cast), Mr. Tom Douglas (who made a sensational success in an English version of the Hungarian play "Fata Morgana," and failed in everything else), Miss Tallulah Bankhead (who having swung herself with cometary splendor into the English sky now finds herself unable to get away) and Miss Jane Cowl (whose reception in Mr. Noel Coward's "Easy Virtue" was phenomenal). Is it necessary to add that the English playgoer cherishes no shred of animosity against American plays or against any American actor or actress?

I am going to leave out of account the mystery-plays like "The Bat," "The Gorilla" and "The Cat and the Canary," and all musical comedies, both kinds of entertainment being so completely outside the scope of dramatic consideration that they cannot be said to touch either of our theaters. In the purveying of frivolous as of blood-stained imbecility let me admit that America leads easily. In such pieces as "No, No, Nanette," "Mercenary Mary" and "Sunny," America has widened the bounds of the inane in the sense that future generations will be unable to explore further.

Apart from crook-drama and musical comedy the number of American plays produced in London during the last five or six years has not been as considerable as popular apprehension suggests. Roughly speaking one would put the number round about forty, one play to each London theater during that period. These productions may be divided into three classes. There is the serious intellectual drama, represented by Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell and the young Impressionist School. There are the domestic comedies, which exhibit a pleasantly sentimental view of the life which Mr. Sinclair Lewis has portrayed. There are the isolated pieces which have no common parentage and bear no relationship to one another. In this last category I include Mr. Channing Pollock's "The Fool" (which is a religious farce on the lines of Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "Lightnin'" (which pretends that a drunkard may booze all day and in the glow of the setting sun hold his wife's hand and call her "Mother," when all the time every member of the audience knows that he will be either sick, or speechless, or both), and "Pollyanna" (which is purest essence of asafetida). These plays were generated by Bunkum out of Hysteria, and the only quality they

possess in common is that of being impossible to be witnessed. There can be no excuse for the foisting upon us of rubbish of this order; we can concoct enough of our own. I, personally, will overlook America's temporary hardness of heart in that little matter of our war-debt, but I will never forgive her such a permanent humiliation as "The Nervous Wreck."

I would lay it down—as modestly as one may lay down any principle in which one is a fanatical believer—that the plays which we should invite America to send us are either those which describe conditions of life peculiar to America, or plays dealing with life in general, but which bear the mark and the expression of an individual American artist. The type of piece which should never under any circumstances be encouraged to cross the Atlantic is well represented by such lucubrations as your "Cobra" and our "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." I submit that we in London can write this sort of rubbish with as much facility as any New Yorker.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" exemplifies Mr. Bernard Shaw's recipe for successful play-writing. This, we remember, was "indulgence in popular preference for fun, fashionable dresses, a little music, and even an exhibition of eating and drinking by people with an expensive air." It has long been known that the London audience takes no interest in low life, except on condition that it is above stairs. In this play Mr. Lonsdale shuns truth as the fashionable actor shuns acting, and constructs a perfectly commonplace plot which he then redeems from the commonplace by liberal applications from the cruet of his own wit, the pepper and salt being distributed impartially upon the just and the unjust without reference to character. Here is a piece which I would not give steerage-room except in its capacity as a money-maker. The demented we shall always have with us on both sides of the water.

Coming now to the first of the two important categories of pieces which it is America's moral duty to send us, and which it should be our privilege to welcome, something must be said about the English attitude to the play. First it must be recognized that the Englishman has no sense of the theater corresponding to that owned by the volatile Frenchman, the temperamental Italian, the stolid German, and the comprehensively emotionalized Jew. He will applaud a Bernhardt and a Duse, but with so much moderation that the volume of cheers and hand-clapping accorded them throughout twenty years is less than that heaped upon Fred and Adèle Astaire in the course of a single first night. The appearance of a great artist in a great play is something we fight shy of, or at least accompany with prayer and fasting, whereas a musical comedy *première* is accounted a social event of the first order. The Englishman associates the theater with evening dress, and for him the donning of glad rags means desisting from the act of cerebration. Even a dinner-jacket spells ruin and atrophy—no Englishman in either black tie or white having ever been discovered in the act of reading anything better than the feuilleton in the evening

paper. (There can be no doubt that if it had been the fashion for Englishmen to dress before spending an evening in the library, such authors as Wells and Bennett must irretrievably have starved. Conrad nearly perished as it was.) Analysis of the successes in the English theater during the past quarter of a century show that of fifty-four non-musical plays which have achieved a run of six months and over only twelve may be accounted serious plays, the rest being farces or sentimental comedies. In this list Barrie's name occurs four times, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy and Somerset Maugham are credited with two plays each, while one play is allotted to Bernard Shaw, A. W. Pinero, John Drinkwater and Alfred Sutro. In all the predominant successes of the last twenty-five years, from the point of view of length of run, Henry Arthur Jones, Haddon Chambers, Hubert Henry Davies, Granville-Barker, St. John Hankin and John Masefield have had no share. Every theater-manager knows that when he has sold forty thousand seats for an intellectual play he has exhausted the demand. There are exceptions like Shaw's "Saint Joan," which Sybil Thorndike and her devoted husband, Lewis Casson, put on in a mood of mingled exaltation and funk; but the forty-thousand rule is as firmly established in this country as the eleven rule at bridge. In the same period against those twelve serious plays and forty-two light comedies and farces we must number eighty-five musical comedies and revues. Professor Morley summed up the situation admirably when he wrote: "There must be a deeper earnestness than plays can demand, in whatever serious thing Englishmen are to look at without exercise of that sense of the humorous which is part of their life; so natural a part that every man is in every grade of society regarded as a bore who wants it; and the very phrase with thousands even among our educated men for not finding a thing acceptable is 'seeing no fun' in it."

Now it happens that America is rich to-day in a dramatist to whom many thinking people in England are willing to accord front rank—to wit Eugene O'Neill, who is the first name in my first category. It is not to be denied that O'Neill is a serious dramatist. To him might be applied the definition which Susan Glaspell's young student found for Matthew Arnold—"Nowhere to go for a laugh." His plays may be untidy and hurried—but they do definitely deal in honesty and beauty, two things with which the English playgoer out for an evening's entertainment is firmly determined to have no truck. "Anna Christie" was magnificently interpreted by Pauline Lord. Though I should like to see this actress in other parts before hailing her as definitely great, hers was certainly an exquisite performance. Only a highly accomplished artist could have given that suggestion of childlikeness and *canaillerie*, of maiden virtue rudely strumpeted, of a loving heart and the stare of the streets. Plain, if you like, slight, undistinguished, the actress gave you at her first entrance that indefinable sense of trouble which marks the great players; and she had the gift of melancholy. Her

face, in repose, showed the ravages of past storms. When Duse played *Marguerite Gautier* she received *Armand's* love, Lemaître tells us, with a gesture of religious ecstasy quite outside Dumas's imagining. Whether Mr. O'Neill intended it or not, this *Anna* made a sacrificial offering of the sailor's wooing. Her hard yet frightened assurance, her vehemence when in her scene of passion she allowed the street to come to the surface, her pathos and even her queer fun were alike admirable. And the gesture of humility with which, at the end, she abased her head before her lover was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Now note what happened. Almost exactly forty thousand people saw this performance, and when this number had been reached the box-office attendants at the Strand Theatre fell completely idle, and Mr. Cochran was forced to take the play off.

"Diff'rent" has been twice played —and magnificently played—at the little Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, without arousing anything more than faint interest. "Beyond the Horizon" and many of O'Neill's short one-act plays have had either Sunday-night performances before specialized audiences or been put on for short runs. "All God's Chillun Got Wings" has been done for a fortnight at a small subscription theater. Two things unfortunately militate against this great author. One is the ridiculous inability of the Lord Chamberlain's Department to differentiate between the furtive, frivolous and sniggering treatment of a sex theme and the serious treatment of the same theme by a recognized artist. Or perhaps I should say that the censor differentiates very accurately, and licenses the wrong play. These things being so it is unlikely that we shall ever see "Desire Under the Elms" or "The First Man." The second unfortunate circumstance weighing against O'Neill is the fact that "The Emperor Jones" was produced here and failed. The principal part was magnificently acted by Mr. Paul Robeson, but unfortunately the play turned out to be one of those which read so much better than they act. The first half was thrilling; the second was a procession of protracted anti-climax. The failure of "The Emperor Jones" has settled the fate of "The Hairy Ape." London is full of managers and actors vowing they have never wanted to produce or act anything quite so much as this play, but inwardly determined that nothing on earth shall induce them to make the venture. As one of our more elegant gossip-writers put it: "'The Emperor Jones' settled O'Neill's hash for good and plenty." That most interesting experiment in expressionism, George Kaufman and Marc Connelly's "Beggar On Horseback" was an almost complete failure. Pieces by Elmer Rice and Stark Young have shown themselves to be hopelessly above the heads of more than four of our famous forty thousand. In fact I am driven to the conclusion that for America's best work there is at present no audience in this country.

But you have another line which is the second in my two categories—the line of domestic pathos. The first of these good little plays was

George Kelly's "The Show-Off." The charm of this piece lay in its perfect truth to life, in which it resembled the paintings of Dutch interiors. I know no test for light comedy before which it would have failed. It even answered the test of reason. The story was probable, the characters were entirely natural, so that you felt that you were in the room with real people. And people too who were *all of one family!* How often on the stage has one not seen a brother who could not possibly have belonged to that sister who, in turn, could not have been the daughter of those two parents who could never have taken each other in marriage? The dialogue was taut and spare, and always exactly what the characters would have said in the circumstances. Even such apparently loose threads as "Shut that door; you know mother doesn't like a draught," served to create and fix the atmosphere of the family. To the jaded theater-goer it was an intense relief to hear people living in a small house discuss, not the wild flutterings of their impossibly romantic hearts, but the things which really make for perturbation—the endless question of ways and means, the extravagance of that new winter overcoat, the need for saving up for the new party-frock. Miss Clara Blandick gave such a fine picture of good-hearted asperity that she hardly seemed to be acting at all, and the entire cast was perfect. The piece failed.

It would not have been surprising if the controllers of domestic comedy in America had decided to make no further venture over here. But the legitimate comedians of your clever stage know something of patience. They have more than the perseverance of students and the generosity of princes, and so gave us another chance. Instead of spectacularly flinging the keys of the theater into a historic river they made spidery and Bruce-like motions in the way of a second attempt, which resulted in "Is Zat So?"—again a delightful piece. This was a particularly good example of the kind of thing which, if America did not come over to show us, we should certainly never see. Ostensibly it was all about a West Side boxer and his manager, who, being hard up, get themselves engaged as butler and footman "somewhere about Fifty-ninth Street." But the spell cast upon us in this play was really the personal charm and talent of the two principal comedians, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Gleason.

You might have thought that by this time the English had learned sense, and would have welcomed such a charming entertainment as "The Fall Guy," particularly when it brought to us players of such delicate charm and mingled pathos and humor as Mr. Ernest Truex and Miss Beatrice Noyes. This piece had a good if not sensational run. You seldom heard Mr. Truex's name mentioned without reference to "poor James Welch," which is the highest compliment one can pay to any non-English comedian, Welch's reputation to-day standing higher even than when he was alive. But we English have also some holding in obstinacy, and our skulls are not easily cracked. We allowed "The Fall Guy" to live up to its name, and Mr. Truex to hang about here, a

sadder man and one certainly wiser as to the Englishman's knack of not liking a good play if he can possibly avoid it. But then came "The First Year" which made good. Now it is obvious that plays like "The Show-Off," "Is Zat So?" "The Fall Guy," "The First Year," and "They Knew What They Wanted" present a side of American life about which we in England can know nothing. They have presented to us in the persons of Gleason and Armstrong, Truex and Glenn Anders, Clara Blandick, Jo Wallace, Beatrice Noyes, Phyllis Povah, and Leila Bennett, players whose like we have not in this country. If I were to make any prediction it would be that American domestic comedy will always have a future with us so long as it is played as perfectly as these little pieces were played.

American actors and actresses, whether good and acclaimed or good and unknown, will always receive a generous welcome in England. American managers may be assured of an equally generous reception whenever they produce evidence of good faith. And by that I mean that they must come armed with good plays and seeking a theater in which to present them, rather than with a certified check sufficient for the purchase of half-a-dozen playhouses, and a bundle of manuscripts which we are invited to take on trust. In the matter of imported drama the English are all for free trade. Consider it another way. No lover of good wine objects to the importation of French claret. Margate is not Margaux. We have not a Château Stoke Newington, and I, for one, am grateful that we haven't. Yet we might, I suggest, look askance at French cricket-bats, which we can make for ourselves. So it is in the theater. One of the greatest delights in playgoing is to see foreign artists in foreign plays. There are any amount of good American pieces which present life from the always entertaining American angle. Let us have these by all means; our stage is the richer for them. But to welcome such pieces is not to acquiesce in the Americanizing of our own stage. I do not aim at any particular country. To Americanize, Teutonize, or Frenchify the English theater must always be bad for the English theater. But friendly rivalry and exchange of visits are no usurpation. Our reception of the American players who temporarily occupy our theaters, will never molt feathers of cordiality. But I invite them to have the courage of their nationality, and give us those things which America can do superbly and we cannot do at all.

WHEN THE READER WRITES

My dear Editor,

Permit me to congratulate you for the fine article entitled, "What Do They Get Out of It?"

Psychology, as a science, has been most mercilessly prostituted before the knowledge-seeking public. In fact, the average intelligent reader has been fed up on the alleged mysterious powers supposedly capable of manifesting themselves as the result of a slight short cut course taken in "applied psychology," usually given by persons having very slight scientific knowledge of the subject and having as their motives only pecuniary exploitation.

Very respectfully,
CARL SCHEFFEL

Miami, Florida

JAMES CAUTIOUS WENT TO COLLEGE

An Answer to Tom S. Elrod

By BENJAMIN ROSENBAUM

John Cautious had a cousin, James. James was the son of a brilliant business man.

Even when James was very young, he showed scholarly tendencies; so his father determined to send him to college. His father, never having had college days, did not realize the exact nature of his act.

James went to Harvard. He studied diligently. His marks were more than satisfactory. He distinguished himself. Furthermore, he met many of the ladies of Radcliffe; sipped tea with them and spoke glibly of Goya, Manet, and Gauguin; Amy Lowell, Sandburg and Robinson; Shaw, and O'Neill; Mencken and his prejudices. James did a little work under Professor Baker. He won the first prize for the best poem written and submitted to the judges in a contest under the auspices of the Iowa Press and Authors' Club. He was only eighteen. Harriet Monroe accepted his work. "THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" published one of his poems. "The Bookman" did likewise. He rubbed his eyes on receiving personal letters praising his work (though "not available") from those most conservative of conservatives on verse: "The Atlantic Monthly" and "Scribner's." James was certain God Himself had touched him with the fire of genius. A Harvard degree was not enough. He turned his eyes longingly to England. Now James's father, thinking his own son a really clever lad, allowed himself to be coaxed, more or less convinced that James was on the track to great things. If James had both a Harvard degree and an Oxford degree, the World would welcome him. Any large corporation to which he applied would give him an executive position and an attractive salary. The movies would be open for him. He could be a director of pictures or the final authority on scenarios in the hands of a director.

James went to Oxford. He stayed there three years. He won the prize for the best essay on "Oxford Poets," offered by the "Oxford Magazine." He did research on the Scotchman, William Dunbar. Sir Michael Sadler, Master of University College, took a fancy to him and showed him the fine collection of post-impressionists Sir Michael had collected. Stevenson, of Brasenose College, an Englishman of a fine Cheltenham family, fancied James and they toured Cornwall together. Lewis, a Canadian, went through Scotland with James, and Richardson and he saw France, Switzerland, Italy and Spain. This traveling he could do in the "vacs." Oxford has an eight-week term and a six-week "vac," and all students must leave the City during this time unless given special permission to stay.

James had done a number of unusual things in this "city of bicycles." He passed the proctor without being questioned. This in itself was not unusual. The unusualness of it was: he did not carry a gown, he wore gray flannels (thus marking himself a student and not a tradesman), and he was walking on the same street where he had been previously warned that he must carry a gown after eight or he would be fined.

This was not all. That very evening, he helped a lady from Lady Margaret's Hall over the wall and attended the theater with her without a chaperon and returned her safely without the authorities of the college learning of the matter.

Finally in that all-eventful night, feeling that he must unleash himself before the final grind preparing for nine examinations, he tossed a quart of Scotch from his window at Hereford College on the derby of one of the proctors' two runners known as "bulldogs." These "bulldogs" were men fleet of

foot whose duty it was to capture any student so bold as to flee from the proctor when challenged. The bulldogs gave chase and James found himself hiding in the quiet gardens of New College for two hours. Then he crept through the New College quadrangle. The gray-brown Gothic walls washed in a flood of moonlight reminded him of an etching.

James received his second degree at Oxford. Then he returned to America to conquer. He returned, however, not so cocksure as he left. He was beginning to doubt his abilities.

The movies were not interested in James. The large corporation had no executive position for him.

He turned to Yale and law. He studied and hated law for two years. He wanted to use law to make money so he could free himself financially from his father. But people kept telling him the professions were overcrowded. That lawyers were starving. That lawyers had to do shyster work for years. He gave up law.

James has not yet freed himself financially. He is unable to marry the girl of his heart because he cannot make enough money. He is worried and nervous and disillusioned.

His father's business deals are praised by the business brains of the State. His father's earning capacity is enormous.

James is finding himself envying his father and losing respect for himself.

James Cautious cannot understand the point of view of John Cautious.

Des Moines, Iowa.

My dear Editor,

I wish to express my gratification for the hopeful article "Children of This World Marry."

I still find THE CENTURY among those few magazines where one can sometimes rest in a literary oasis after laboring and pondering through the desert pages of pessimism, cynicism and doubt prevalent in so many other good magazines I like to read.

CHAS. P. LOOMIS

El Paso, Texas.

My dear Editor,

Years ago I was a reader of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and enjoyed it very much. After a time, however, I seemed to get out of touch with it and ceased to read it. Recently my attention was called to a copy and I was delighted to find several articles dealing with present day problems in a large and very helpful way. Since then I have again become a CENTURY reader.

When are we to hear from Ann de Leeuw again? I hope soon. That is a wonderful article "For—But Also By—The People" in the March issue. It stands out because of its clear presentation of fundamental Truth, usually overlooked. I would say it is a basic article.

Those who would change world conditions for the better almost never stress, in fact rarely mention the fact that all changes for better or worse are at the bottom an individual problem or as this writer puts it—"Everything grows from within outward. . . . The energizing force needed for the great international movements is in us, in every man, every woman and every child."

This fact is so basic that I for one should be greatly interested in a further development and application of this principle to world problems by this author. We have here a statement of that which is not a theory but a fact—a fact known to every thinking person. Evolution is from within outward, and we know this to be so when we look within and study our own desires, thoughts and actions.

Sincerely yours,

LOA E. SCOTT

Los Angeles, California.

My dear Editor,

Although I am not a constant reader, the appeal in the May "Table Talk" indeed fanned my wrath. I am one of the thousands of innocent boys whose lives are being exploited by those naughty, selfish men—Daniel Carter Beard, etc. It is strange that President Taft, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Ernest Thompson Seton, and Gifford Pinchot became honorary officers of an organization with the dark purpose you mentioned. Certainly Seton spent days in solitude, living with Nature. Yet he supports a movement encouraging "Right by squads." Why? Because he knows that the average boy of to-day does not have the opportunities for self-development he had, and if left to himself entirely, may become a liability, rather than an asset. Scout leadership gives the boy a definite goal. It teaches him how to use his leisure constructively.

In regard to the drilling. Drilling is essential in keeping a troop in order. Quick obedience to commands requires good coördination of mind and body. Our scout-master and his assistant are respectable Quakers, as is the commissioner who drills us. I feel confident that these men would not help involve the boys of our town in an enormous military training scheme.

Your pirate boy was once almost ideal, but piracy always has been a perilous occupation, and

perhaps in the complex life of to-day a Scout merit-badge training is somewhat better. Merit badges give the boy an insight into various vocations and train him for citizenship.

One of our laws is "A Scout is Loyal." I shall remain so, firm in the conviction that Scouting is serving boyhood to the best of its ability and that it has the interest of American youth at heart.

Yours in righteous indignation,

EDWARD J. MATLACK

Moorestown, New Jersey.

My dear Editor,

It just occurs to me that you might like a paragraph in a letter just written to Dr. John Middleton Ellis who is my instructor in a Home Study course conducted by Columbia. He had suggested that I write analyses of a few stories from current magazines that I had liked, instead of following the text-book.

The stories chosen were the three in last March's CENTURY and Kipling's latest and this is the paragraph:

"My reading is not limited to THE CENTURY as you might infer from the stories given herewith. . . . However, if I were picking perfect magazines for the year, the March CENTURY would get my vote 'from kiver to kiver.' These stories are so clean and wholesome and 'different,' touched with humor and about the kind of people you know, or would like to know. The articles are equally good. If you care for verse at all you will thank me for calling Grace Noll Crowell's 'Life—Death' to your attention."

Probably unsolicited bouquets mean very little, but this one was coming to you and your magazine.

Sincerely,

ELLIS MEREDITH

Washington, D. C.

My dear Editor,

I have no wish to renew my subscription to THE CENTURY; after seeing the importance you put upon the article you published written by that German outlaw William II, I lost all interest in your publications. How any serious, old, true American magazine as yours, could so far forget its sacred dead and hosts of your America's wounded and maimed as a result of that unholy war planned and brought to execution by that man! I could not uphold your action nor could I understand its policy. Nothing such an assassin as that man is, could think, write or say, could have any importance to any loyal American, and his articles were as vain as his opinions were ridiculous. To the end of all time he will remain steeped in the blood of millions of innocents, and as no law seems able to bring him to justice at least may he be condemned forever to oblivion.

Yours truly,

L. THOMAS

Nice, France.

My dear Editor,

After finishing your issue of May, ult., I must express my very keen appreciation or bust, an unpleasant alternative. Many a time I've been going to thank you for the delight I've experienced in the perusal of your pages. I'm, I s'pose, what you'd call a rough bushman, but on my periodic trips to our great metropolis, there are few events I look forward to more eagerly than a perusal of the American magazines, notably THE CENTURY.

The article on "Baltimore" was a gem. Next year I promise myself a walking tour of California, the Southern Border States and as much of the Cotton Belt as may be; now I certainly will have a look in at Baltimore; maybe finish up there. I don't particularly hanker after N'York and Chicago and Philadelphia. Too much like our own great capitals, I imagine. "The Dime Novel" was amazingly good, and to me, anyhow, very instructive. W. E. Dodd's communication was indeed a great performance. "Table Talk" more interesting and spontaneous than Mencken and Julia Peterkin writes very well, if a bit gruesomely. "A Modern in Search of Truth," no doubt is excellent I dare say. He seems to secure much appreciation, poor half-blind devil, staggering about without aim or compass. Oh, how thankful ought we blissful to be, in the serene certitude of the Catholic Church, spared all this agonized searching and questioning. Again thanking you, Mr. Editor, I am

Yours very thankfully,

EDWARD O'DONAGHUE

Sydney, New South Wales.

My dear Editor,

I read Frederick Keppel's "Strange Things Are Happening" in THE CENTURY and was delighted with it. It inspired me to think that a man like Keppel has such a vision of education. Congratulations to you on the publication of this article.

Sincerely,

STANWOOD COBB

President

Progressive Education Association,

Washington, D. C.

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